THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SUMMER WEATHER.

BY MRS. MARY E. HAIL.

Across the fields of ripening grain
The smiles of summer light are glancing,
And on the river's silver breast
The shadows of the trees are dancing.
As on the chanting waters flow,
The lilies dream, and sigh, and quiver,
And dip their snowy finger-tips
Into the sweetly singing river.

The humming-birds, in rainbow sheen,
Drink nectar from the fragrant clover,
And from the vale the meadow-lark
Is calling for her truant lover.
The summer skies, and river's song,
And music of the woodland thrushes,
Recall the hour when first I kissed
From my love's cheek the tell-tale blushes.

Heaven bless the time our vows were given
To walk the path of life together,
Through autumn shades and wintry storms,
And dreamy bliss of summer weather.
The stars bore witness to our pledge,
And bowed their crowns of golden glory,
As though 'twere something new to hear,
From lover's lips, the old, old story.

Full twenty years have come and gone,
And brought us tears as well as pleasure.
What matters it? I still possess
My purest, dearest, only treasure.
Sing thrushes! let your songs and mine,
Blended in unison together,
Rehearse the sweetness of to-day,
The splendor of this summer weather.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," "TWICE WON," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 8, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

"Father," he whispered, shudderingly. "Well?" "Look there!" He pointed with one trembling finger to a knot of trees.

CHAPTER IV.

DESPAIR.

When Herbert Benson recovered consciousness he was lying on the damp turf, and alone. It must have been a long interval, for the gray, cold dawn was breaking over Lansdown Hill, and the birds were chirruping gaily. The shock of Mr. Lowe's communication must have been severe, indeed, to have produced such an effect upon a strong man like Herbert, who, in all his life long, could never remember having fainted before.

He crawled to his feet, and looked about him dreamily. He had a feeling of great weakness and oppression, but, so far, he could not recollect why. Finally, the tide of painful memories set in, and burying his head in his hands, he sobbed like a child.

"Poor Milly!" he sighed; "and the worst of it is, she must never know, or the horror would kill her. I must try and wean her love from me utterly, and allow her to believe that I have become a shameless reprobate suddenly. This is my only chance, and so good-bye to happiness, and honor, and domestic joys. The more wicked I grow, the better for her."

He rose, and gloomily and slowly wended his way homeward.

When he came to a little cottage at the end of the road, he paused and knocked.

"Come in!" said a shrill, aged voice; and Herbert entered.

A woman, bent nearly double with age, but with a shrewd face, and keen eye, was stooping in front of the grate, blowing the fire she had just kindled into a warm blaze.

She turned as Herbert entered, and surveyed him with evident surprise.

"Dear heart! Master Herbert, what brings you here at this hour?"

"I wanted to ask you a few questions, Nanny."

"A hundred, if you like; only let me get my kettle on, first. I am a poor creature always, until I have a cup of tea. And maybe you'll take one with me? It will feel like old times, when I nursed you, Master Herbert, until, oftentimes, I was ready to drop."

"You were very good to me Nannie, I know."

"La! I looked on you as if you was my own, Master Herbert."

"I am sure you did; and I had no mother."

"Ah! your mother died in these very arms; and a sore heart she carried about with her for many a long day before, it's my thinking, though I never heard so much as a murmur pass her lips. She had a high spirit, and that kept her up, and made her smile, often when she was ready to cry; but I could see, if nobody else could, how heavy her trouble weighed on her. She died as quiet as a child going to sleep, and just as thankful for the rest."

"It was a pity I was ever born," said Herbert.

"Nay, my dear, don't say that."

"If I had died with her——"

The old woman turned sharp round, and looked at him keenly.

"Have you and Miss Milly had a quarrel?"

"No. What makes you think so?"

"You don't seem in the best of spirits this morning, Master Herbert, and I know that young folks, when they are courting, do have a tiff occasionally."

"Milly is a sweet, good girl," said Herbert, and shuddered convulsively as the words passed through his trembling lips.

"Has she given you up, then?"

"There is not the smallest chance of our being married."

"The old man holds out still?"

"The old man is right, Nanny."

Nanny stared at him, as if she thought he must be dreaming.

"I thought you were so rancorous against him awhile back?"

"I am, still. I believe him to be a cold-hearted, cruel man—one who fawns over the rich, and despises the poor."

His voice was so full of pain, that the old woman wondered more and more, and her curiosity became uncontrollable.

"What is it that stands between you and Miss Milly, my dear?" she said.

"Nanny," said Herbert, fiercely, "will you swear to me that you know of nothing which should part us?"

"La! Master Herbert, what should part you, supposing Mr. Lowe was willing?"

"Don't put me off, Nanny. I am prepared for anything, and I would rather have the truth."

"But I don't know nothing to tell."

Nanny had her tea ready by this time, and poured him out a cup.

"You look right down bad, Master Herbert," she said, affectionately. "Do take a cup to warm you."

"I am not cold."

"But you are ill."

"Well, a little——"

"And there's something wrong, Master Herbert."

"There's a deal wrong; and the worst of it is, it can never be made right."

"Perhaps there's no need to trouble yourself, after all. Folks do tell such stories sometimes."

"But they don't speak ill of themselves, unless they are quite obliged."

"It depends," answered the old woman, shrewdly. "If there was something to be gained by blackening themselves, they might. As far as I'm concerned, I would rather take away any one else's character than my own."

Herbert was silent for a minute, and then he said:

"You remember my mother before she married, do you not?"

"Just as well as I remember myself."

"Now, Nanny, tell me, in truth, just as plainly as if I weren't her son, was she a good woman?"

"She was always good to me," answered old Nanny, evasively.

"Yes, yes; I don't mean that kind of goodness. Was she religious?"

"She went to church on Sundays."

"And led an upright life?" inquired her son, eagerly, and yet reluctantly, too.

"Well, if I am to speak the truth, there was nothing the matter with her but her temper, and that was bitter, Master Herbert. But, as I said before, she was always kind to me, and she'd had such troubles in her time, it wasn't much wonder she was rather soured."

"What troubles?" asked Herbert, under his breath.

"Well, disappointments, and so forth."

"You don't tell me the kind of disappointments?"

"She was crossed in love."

"Ah!" said Herbert, in a stifled voice.

"And she didn't want Mr. Benson no more than I wanted him, only her friends persuaded her it would be a good thing. And then not being able to have the man she fancied, made her reckless like, and she took who she could get."

"Do you think Mr. Lowe ever cared for her?"

"Not he, Master Herbert, saving your presence. He is not the kind of a man to care for any one but himself, and never was."

"Nanny," said Herbert, slowly and hesitatingly, "do you think he would ever have married my mother?"

"Just as soon as he would have married me."

"Then you don't believe it was likely?"

The old woman laughed scornfully.

"He was just the last man in the world to do anything generous. He was willing enough to draw your mother on, making her think it would all come right; but he never meant to have her from the very beginning, you may be sure."

"I hate that man!"

"Well, Master Herbert, you aren't singular there. There's a many have said they wondered enough at his having such a pretty, gentle-spoken daughter as Miss Milly."

"Ah, poor Milly!"

"She's a sweet young woman, Master Herbert; and he'd be a lucky man who gets her—which man I hope will be yourself."

"Hush, Nanny; I can't bear it."

He wiped the great beads of perspiration off his forehead, and looked at her with dim eyes, imploringly.

"I didn't want to hurt you, dearie," said the old woman, who was truly attached to Herbert. "Drink another cup of tea, and we won't say anything more about Miss Milly."

"Thank you, Nanny; but I'll be getting home. My father will be wondering where I am."

"Haven't you seen him this morning, yet?"

"I haven't been home since yesterday evening."

"Where have you been, then?"

Herbert paused a moment. Was it some instinct that warned him not to speak, and whispered of the day when this answer would be brought up against him, and the reluctant words of old Nanny would condemn him. However this may be, the pause ended, and he spoke: "I have been in Lansdown Wood."

"La! Master Herbert, what were you doing there in the middle of the night?"

"I did not mean to stay so long."

"You could have come away, then, couldn't you?"

"No."

"That sounds strange, too."

"There are a good many strange things in this world, Nanny."

"Ah, sure, you're right there."

"It would be strange to see me turn poacher, would it not?"

"Ay; not that there's much harm in it, though," added old Nanny, who, like most of her class, thought poaching a very light offence.

"That's what I shall come to."

"You?" And old Nanny chuckled as if it were an excellent joke.

"Why not?"

"Because you've got plenty at home."

"Hasn't old Mark, too? And yet he is always out."

"Who told you that?"

"Everybody knows it."

"Everybody is nobody," she answered, rather irritably. "For my part, I shall wait till he is caught, and then I shall believe it. Besides, he is a laboring man, and you are above that."

"Perhaps I am below it."

"Now, Master Herbert, you know it's ridiculous talking like that."

"Not at all. I warn you not to be surprised at anything you hear. I am nearly tired of my life, Nanny."

Old Nanny looked at him compassionately.

"I tell you what, dearie, things are often hard to bear at the time, but the pain goes off if you are patient. I dare say you feel very bad now, but you'll get over it."

Herbert shook his head.

"All the young folks think that," continued old Nanny. "When I laid my children in the grave, and only one was left me out of them all, and he far away, I thought that the sooner the Lord was pleased to take me the better; and yet, you see, I am well and hearty now, and willing to live as long as I can."

Herbert sighed as he said: "Such cases are terrible, no doubt; but if Milly were dead, I should grieve less than I grieve now."

"You don't know. There's no coming back from that land, Master Herbert."

The young man covered his eyes for a minute with his hand.

"I feel desperate," he said. "I wish some one would take my life, and make an end of me."

"There, be off home," said old Nanny, petulantly. "You talk so wicked you take all the flavor out of my tea."

"Good morning, Nanny."

"Good morning, Master Herbert; and I hope you will not be so disconsolate the next time you pay me a visit."

CHAPTER V.

THE GHOST.

"Whist! Nat," said old Mark, as he stood at the door examining the night; "can't you keep your tongue still a minute?"

Old Mark had conquered his scruples by this time. The shock of Flax's death and the vivid dream which had followed had sobered him for a few days, and made him almost decide to give up poaching. But, as day faded, this impression seemed to fade also, and night found him more eager than ever.

Flax's disappearance had been the talk of the village, but no one, somehow, seemed to think that he had been killed. Some—the spiteful women, who envied poor Mary Flax her fine, honest husband—declared that he had forsaken his wife and little ones, and gone abroad to rid himself of the burden of their maintenance.

Others said he was on a drinking bout in the neighboring town, and would creep home, stupefied, after he had slept off his intoxication.

Both of these assertions his widow emphatically negatived.

"I could trust my James anywhere and everywhere," she said. "I never had to be ashamed of him for a single minute ever since we married, and you won't make me believe he'd desert me and the children without a word. No, depend upon it, he has met foul play."

"But what should have happened to him?" asked a neighbor.

"There are plenty of poachers about," said Mrs. Flax, in a significant tone, "and my husband did his duty too well to be a favorite. I shall keep a good watch, you may depend, and if I find out anything, woe betide them, that is all."

And that night, when the clock had struck twelve, Mrs. Flax fastened the door on her sleeping children, whom she knew she could trust until daylight, and crept out into the darkness, closely wrapped in a thick black shawl.

At old Mark's cottage she paused, and crouching down into the shadow, listened and waited. Presently the door opened, and the old man stepped over the threshold and knitted his shaggy brow, as his eager eyes examined the night critically.

"I think it will do, Nat."

"Is Lansdown Wood safe, father?"

"You're a fool, Nat!" said old Mark, testily. "Who said anything about Lansdown Wood?"

The old man shuddered so violently as he spoke that the tree against which his hand rested shook its branches as if a sudden wind had passed by.

"No, no; not Lansdown Wood," he muttered. "There's more places than one."

"Only the game is scarce elsewhere, father."

"We must take our chance. Joe had a fine bag at Waverly t'other night."

"Not single."

"Don't you count for anything?" asked old Mark.

It was clear that his troubles hadn't improved his temper, for he spoke irritably enough. But, no doubt, Nat was accustomed to his father's sharp moods, for he took it very quietly, simply saying:

"There's some snares at the edge of the wood; we had better look to them as we pass."

"You may."

It was Nat's turn to shudder now.

"Well, father, it's pretty dreary going about alone after what's happened."

"Hush!" hissed old Mark, backward.

"I mean at this time. Not as I think anything of ghosts."

"I never see one, and I've been about a good deal at night, too. I was in the church-yard once when the clock struck twelve, and I thought about what folks tell as that is the ghosts' hour, and I can't say but what I felt rather queer for a bit, but nothing came of it. It was moonlight, and I could read the letters on the gravestones easy, and one I kept spelling over and over again, just to keep my mind busy."

"Which was that?"

"Sacred to the memory of James Flax!"

There was a cry, a low, bitter wail, which Nat's groan of horror seemed to smother, for the old man never heard it. He turned on his son angrily.

"What's the matter now?"

"You said 'Sacred to the memory of James Flax,' father."

"Nay."

"But you did, as plain as I speak now. And he wasn't dead then."

Had it been lighter you would have seen old Mark's face change suddenly, and he clinched at the slender stalk of the tree in a kind of agony.

"Did I, Nat?" he said, hoarsely. "That was odd now, wasn't it? My mind is gone wrong a bit. Let's start; I shall be better when I'm at work."

"It seemed like a voice inside you, father, speaking contrary to what you meant to speak," said the son, in an awed tone; "for you said it just as ready as you'd have said the proper thing."

"Maybe I did."

"And you was facing Lansdown Knoll at the very minute."

Old Mark turned upon him fiercely.

"Hold your tongue, you jackanapes! It seems as if you enjoyed your troubles, as you can't let 'em alone. What's the use of raking up old matters to make oneself uneasy?"

"It was you did it, father."

"Only unmeaning. I had no such thoughts, although the words came of themselves. Where's your bag?"

"Here."

"All right. Fill the flask; somehow I should be glad of something to keep my spirits up to-night."

"I fancied you wouldn't go out quite so soon again."

"Then you fancied wrong, you see. What's the use of keeping at home and nursing one's feelings?"

"No, only——"

"Perhaps you are afraid of the ghosts?" said old Mark, contemptuously. "You'd better stay at home if you are, and let me go alone, for go I will. The keepers won't be quite as active to-night as usual, and I mean to make the most of my chance."

"Supposing we were caught?"

"You are a wretched coward!" said the old poacher, in a voice of stinging disdain. "I never knew what fear was at your age."

"Nor I before, father; but it seems different somehow to-night."

"It's only different in being safer out than common. The keepers are busy looking for Flax, and won't be troubling us. We shall get a splendid bag if we look sharp."

The lad still hesitated, and the old man's patience began to tire.

"Come or stay!" he said, sharply; "only make up your mind, one way or the other, at once, for I'm not going to wait any longer."

"You shan't go alone, father," said Nat, decidedly.

"Come along, then; there has been time enough wasted already."

Nat came to the door, with a sack slung over his shoulders, and the flask in his hand.

"The moon won't be up till morning," said old Mark; "but I hope we shall have done a good deal of business before that. Where's the key of the door; we had better lock it before we go. If any one should take a fancy to walk in, it mightn't be so pleasant."

Old Mark spoke eagerly, and his face began to glow with the keen excitement of the anticipated sport. Men of his disposition must have wide lands of their own, where they may gratify their tastes lawfully, otherwise they come to grief. Had he been a gentleman, he would have gone out for a good day's sport, in a legitimate way; come home at night to his dinner pleasantly stimulated, and lived and died a respectable member of society. But fate had placed him in such a position of life, that he could not gratify his tastes in a legitimate way. The consequence was that he became a poacher.

He could not shoot his own game, but he could shoot other people's, and that is what he certainly did without scruple. It seemed hard to him that he could not get what he wanted in a fair way—it seems hard to us all to be denied; but having no conscience, he managed to provide himself with some kind of consolation.

Nat had blown out the candle; but he relit it, and looked for the key of the door, whilst old Mark waited about impatiently. At last he found it, and joined his father.

The old poacher stepped out first; his son followed. The latter looked rather keenly from right to left as he proceeded, and suddenly he came to a sharp halt.

"Father," he whispered, shudderingly.

"Well?"

"Look there!"

He pointed with one trembling finger to a knot of trees near the house.

"What is it?"

"The ghost!"

The old man glanced anxiously in the direction indicated, and drew back trembling with fear.

A white, awful face, with luminous eyes, specked the gloom with strange distinctness, and was turned straight towards father and son. The two men, instinctively, drew nearer to each other. Old Mark's voice was low and hoarse, and his lips were as white as snow.

"Nat, my lad, do you think that is Flax? It is very like he looked when he lay dead."

"Let's go back, father."

"Nay; but we should have to pass it."

At this minute, solemnly and softly, the church clock struck twelve.

"Nat," whispered old Mark.

"Yes, father."

"I'd rather face a hundred keepers than that there."

"We'd better get back in-doors."

Old Mark was fairly cowed now, and his limbs were shaking under him.

"Somehow—I don't—fancy—"

"It's gone now," said the younger man, heaving a sigh of relief.

"Supposing it should come again just as we get opposite, Nat?"

"Then we must scud past as quick as we can."

"Only there's to unlock the door."

"I wish we'd left it open now, father."

"It's no use talking, lad," answered old Mark, whose manner had softened

considerably; "the best way is get it over."

They dashed forward, still close together; Nat wrenched hold of the handle of the door, turned the key, with a shaking hand, and the two men were in the house.

"Shut it out," sighed old Mark. "I never see the like of that, and I hope to goodness I never may again."

CHAPTER VI.

AN INTRODUCTION TO HIGH COMPANY.

The breakfast party at Oaklands Park included Lady Dacre; her son, a young man within a year of his majority; Lady Clementina — the eldest — a handsome, aristocratic-looking woman of about five and twenty; and pretty Lina, the pet of all.

Lord Dacre was out; but as he had always given orders that they should not wait for him, the meal commenced. Lady Dacre was just sweetening Lina's tea, with reference to her expressed desire for plenty of sugar, when his Lordship entered.

His brow was clouded, and instead of giving them a cheery greeting, as usual, he sat down without a word.

Lady Dacre glanced at him furtively from time to time, and seeing him so disturbed, waited for him to speak.

He drank half a cup of coffee, and eat a few mouthfuls, then his brows lightened a little, and the harassed expression of his face mended.

"Amelia," he said, turning to his wife. "Poor Flax has not been found."

"No?" And Lady Dacre looked surprised and pained, both. "What do you think has become of him?"

"I am almost afraid he has been killed."

"Killed! How?"

"By those rascally poachers."

"Surely, my dear, we have no one about here who would do such a thing?"

"I don't know. His disappearance is very mysterious. You remember old Mark?"

"Very well."

"He is the head of the gang, and he has lately been joined by a man named Joe Lay, a thorough ruffian, who would stand at nothing."

"Can't you catch old Mark, and give him a lesson?"

"If you could tell me how, my dear, I should be gratefully obliged to you. I have been wanting to do that for a long while; but he is so cunning, it is quite impossible to get over him."

"Are you quite sure that your keepers are staunch?"

"I have always had reason to suppose so. Poor Flax was the best of the lot, though."

"I cannot help fancying he will be found, after all. Those kind of people often absent themselves when there is a fair, or anything of that sort in the neighborhood; and, after their wives have nearly gone mad from suspense, they come back as quietly as if nothing had happened."

"But Flax is not that kind of man, my dear."

"Still, he might have been led away."

"He might, but it is barely probable. He has always been so steady and well-conducted, and perfectly devoted to his wife and children."

"Only that one hears instances every day of men who have hitherto led an irreproachable life becoming suddenly perverted."

"True; but there has been no fair in the neighborhood for a long while."

"You don't think he could have joined the poachers?" suggested Lady Clementina.

"My dear, I really can't believe any harm of him if I try. It strikes me that the poor fellow has met with foul play."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Lina; "I shall never be happy at Oaklands again if you say that."

"My dear child, it is no use shutting our eyes to facts, or we can never remedy them. The best way always is to look an evil in the face bravely."

"But, poor Flax, papa! he was such a nice, good-natured looking man, and he has such a sweet little girl called Mary."

"Then be kind to poor little Mary, Lina; for I am afraid she will need kindness."

"I can't believe but that I shall see his face again."

"We will have the wood searched from end to end this morning. I am only sorry that it was not done before; but I felt so positive he would return."

"Have you seen his wife?" Lady Dacre inquired.

"She was with me half an hour back."

"And what does she say?"

"She is quite certain that her husband has come to an untimely end; and I fancy, from her manner, that she suspects some one connected with this mysterious affair."

"But she won't say who?"

"That would be rather dangerous, my dear, unless she had the proofs in her possession."

"Dangerous or not, I fancy I should be inclined to run that risk under similar circumstances."

"Which would be a greater proof of your affection than of your wisdom," said Lord Dacre, in a tone of indulgent irony; "since, by keeping your suspicions to yourself, you would throw the offender off his guard, and, very likely, make him betray himself. Mary Flax is right; and she seems to me to be an energetic, sensible person; intelligent and far seeing. I was very much pleased by the way she spoke this morning."

"Does she seem much grieved, papa?" asked sympathetic Lina.

"Well, she is more excited than sorrowful, just now, my child. She feels that she has a great task before her, and nerves herself for it, evidently. She would waste her strength weeping, and, therefore, she will not weep. The reaction will be terrible when it comes; but, unless I have greatly misjudged her, she will not give way until she has found her husband, if he be living, or his destroyer, if he be dead."

"She must be a remarkable woman for her position in life," said Lady Clementina, rather arrogantly. "One hardly expects to find that firmness and self control in her class."

"And why not?" put in her brother Wilfred, Viscount Oakland, speaking for the first time. "I was never taught that these were aristocratic virtues only."

"Still, you know, when one is educated by a certain standard."

"One becomes accomplished, lady-like, courteous, and all that kind of thing; but one does not necessarily become a woman of tenacious will, or firm principle," Wilfred went on.

"You have a better chance of it, 'any how."

"I don't see that."

"You know I never argue with you, Wilfred."

"But why should you not do so? With all my faults, Clementina, you must own that I am strictly just."

"You are just to the peasant, at the expense of the peer."

"You mean in spite of the peer."

"Will you show us how to mend our habits?" said his sister, rather sharply, for the high-bred, calm Lady Clementina.

"The remedy is very simple; think of them more."

"I am sure Lina does nothing else but think of them. When I want her to ride or drive with me of an afternoon, she is always going to see Mrs. This or Mrs. That, or Dame So-and-so. I don't pretend to be so philanthropic myself, and I detest going into poor people's cottages; one draggles the edge of one's dress so terribly. Still, I give whatever she asks me for, when her allowance runs short."

"Which it very often does," laughed Lina.

"Then why don't you ask for more, my dear?" said Lord Dacre, looking at his younger daughter, with very loving eyes.

"Because, I have enough."

"For an ordinary young lady, perhaps, but not for a sister of mercy, as it seems my Lina has become."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Lina, blushing at his praise. "I am not a sister of mercy, or anything worthy of the name. I pity the poor dreadfully. I think it must be sad to feel want and cold and neglect, and contrasting all this with my own lot, which is so bright and enviable, it is not to be wondered my heart bleeds for these poor creatures sometimes. Still, I do so little."

"According to Clementina's account, you do a great deal?"

"Clementina is partial, you know, papa."

"Perhaps you will go and see Mrs. Flax this afternoon, my love?"

"I had meant to do so, papa, even if you had not asked me."

"That is it. The woman's energy and determination please me; and I think she must stand sorely in need of sympathy and advice just now."

"I will do all I can."

At this minute the door opened, and the butler entered.

"Mr. Carthen, my lord, is waiting to see you in the library."

"Ask him to come in to breakfast, Pierce. Or, stop—I'll go myself."

At the sound of this name, both Clementina and Lina had changed countenances visibly. A sudden quick color came into Clementina's face, and receded as suddenly, leaving her deathly pale. Lina flushed red to the roots of her hair, and had the good fortune to keep the flush, which embellished her considerably.

Voices were heard in the hall; Lord Dacre's bright and cheery; the other, deep-toned, grave and quiet. In another second, the two men came in together; and Lord Dacre motioned his guest into the vacant seat at Lady Clementina's side.

The blush came back to Clementina's face; and this time it stopped.

Mr. Carthen was a tall, fine-looking man, of about thirty; a patrician to his finger-ends, and yet a person of kindly instincts, and a true sense of justice.

His estate adjoined Lord Dacre's and was nearly of the same size. Of course, it had always been a favorite speculation amongst the villagers, as to which of Lord Dacre's daughters Mr. Carthen would marry; for that he would marry one or the other, had long ago been decided amongst them all.

The general opinion was that he would do well to choose Lina, although the difference in their ages was considered a great drawback. Still, she was a great favorite, and so was he, and, consequently, they thought it would be a grand thing if they could only get these two together, as Lina's charitable instincts would meet encouragement, and not check from him, and also be joined to ample means.

Of course, the fate of either could not be influenced by these speculations; and the poor, alas! have so few pleasures, that even Lina, modest as she was, would hardly have denied them the satisfaction of settling her affairs for her, if she had had the chance.

It might have been noticed that, although Mr. Carthen sat by Lady Clementina, and paid her all the courtesies required, his eyes often wandered to the other end of the table, where Lina's face, dimpling with smiles, dodged him behind the great silver urn.

Clementina saw this, perhaps, for her countenance wore a shadowed expression.

"I ought to apologize for such an early visit," Mr. Carthen said, presently, "but, to tell the truth, I could not wait for a decent hour until I spoke to Lord Dacre of what is on my mind——"

"Do you mean about poor Flax?" Lord Dacre asked.

"I do, indeed. I am more grieved about him than I can describe. I wanted to consult with you as to what should be done."

"I have ordered them to search Lansdown Wood this morning."

"I am afraid you will not find him there, my lord. If he were alive, he would crawl home, somehow; if he is dead, he will have been put out of the way."

"You think that he is dead, then, too?"

"I fear as much. If he were a man of different character, I might find a dozen solutions of the mystery. As it is, I incline to the belief that he has been foully dealt with, and his body disposed of in some way."

"To whom should you attribute this outrage?"

"To the poachers. The poor fellow was out that night, I am told, and spoke with one of my keepers about twelve o'clock. He has never been seen since."

Lord Dacre shook his head gravely.

"I thought, my lord, you and I ought to join in the search, as our lands being so close, he was protecting mine in protecting yours. I should, also, be glad to do whatever you think right for the widow."

Lina's eyes, quickly uplifted, beamed soft approval. Mr. Carthen perceived this, perhaps, for there was a smile on his lips when he turned towards Lord Dacre, awaiting his reply.

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Carthen. It is my place, and also yours, to take this matter up. It would be as well if we accompanied the searching party this morning."

"I think so—if it would not be inconveniencing your lordship too much. In that case, I can go alone."

"Nay, you shall not do that."

"I should be glad to go," Wilfred said. "Perhaps, after all, the poachers may only have wounded him, and left him in the wood."

"God pity him, then," said Lina, excitedly, "for he has been there nearly two nights and a day."

"Lina, you will make my self-reproach unbearable, if you speak like that," her father said, with an expression of great pain.

"I fear I have been very remiss."

"That was what I was saying to myself as I came along," Mr. Carthen put in, with another stealthy glance at Lina's changing countenance. "The fact was, I felt and acted like a coward. I was afraid to have a great fear realized."

"And, meanwhile, the poor man might have been perishing," said Lina, with a boldness her mother felt inclined to condemn, little guessing that it was a charm more added to her other charms in Mr. Carthen's eyes.

"I am afraid I was thoughtless, Lady Lina. That never struck me until you mentioned it. But you have given me a lesson which I shall hope to profit by another time."

"My dear Mr. Carthen, Lina could not have meant to preach to one so much older than herself," Lady Dacre said, apologetically.

"Anyhow, whether she meant it or not, I am exceedingly obliged to her. It is a dreadful thing never to be lectured."

"Why?"

"Because it's a clear proof that no one takes an interest in you or your fate."

He glanced at Lina as he said this, and had the satisfaction of seeing that she grew as red as any rose; whilst Clementina, drooping forward, all white, but calm, looked like a lily which was fainting on its stem.

"Do you know," said Lord Dacre, "my little girl has developed into a sister of mercy?"

"Lady Lina?"

"Ah! I hope you are surprised; I was."

"I am never surprised at any good that I hear of Lady Lina."

"But she has been so sly about it. I certainly noticed that she seldom rode with Clementina and Wilfred of an afternoon, but I fancied that she had a book or a sketch that occupied her at home; and lo and behold! she was comforting the sick and helping the poor, and,"—here Lord Dacre changed his tone to one of playful satire—"and spending her allowance. Look, Mr. Carthen, what do you say to this dress"—and he pulled at the sleeve disdainfully—"for an earl's daughter?"

"It is very becoming, my lord. I don't know why you should find fault with it."

"It is only print—what the maids wear."

"That shows your ignorance, papa; for it is cambric muslin, and very suitable for morning wear in the country."

"Of a summer, perhaps."

"You know, papa, I am never cold."

"But it makes me cold to see you."

"Then I will never wear it again."

"I suppose all your allowance went before you were ready for your winter things."

Lina laughed; but she colored, too, suspiciously.

"Is that really the case, Lina?"

"No, papa; not exactly. I always liked a fresh-looking dress of a morning; and really and truly, not feeling the cold, I had forgotten that this was hardly the thing for the time of year."

"And you have some of your allowance left?"

Lina glanced towards Mr. Carthen, as if to stop such a discussion before him. But the earl took her up at once.

"Nonsense! I have known Mr. Carthen ever since he was a baby, and don't see why I should mind saying anything before him."

"Only that you will give him such mistaken notions, papa," faltered Lina.

"Surely we have had enough of the subject," said Lady Clementina, haughtily. "Lina always fancied sweet simplicity."

"But I had a passion for diamonds a little while back. Don't you remember, Clementina?"

"I cannot remember your saying so, ever."

"Oh, yes; I often used to tell you how much I should like to have a set of diamonds like the Duchess of Loudon's."

"Diamonds and cambric muslin!" said Lady Clementina, scornfully.

Lina glanced at her sister, and could hardly understand her. Usually, she was gentle, if cold; but this morning she seemed strange and bitter—almost cruel.

Of course Lina did not know her painful secret. Her own happiness would have been marred if she had had consciousness that her sister coveted the love it was plain to see that she possessed.

The earl finished his breakfast and proclaimed himself ready; Mr. Carthen rose at the same time.

"The horses are at the door, I see," said Lord Dacre. "I sent for two constables to go with us. I thought it best, in case of finding any clue."

"Quite right."

"You will return to lunch, of course?" Lady Dacre said. "We shall certainly expect you."

"And I do hope and pray," said Lina, softly, "that poor Flax may be found."

"I hope so, too," he answered, looking tenderly into her face; "for the widow's sake, and because you wish it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDHOOD.

Children are but little people, yet they form a very important part of society, expend much of our capital, employ a greater portion of our population in their service, and occupy half the literati of our day in labors for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the national debt; the loveliest of women in her maturity of charms breaks not so many slumbers, nor occasion so many sighs, as she did in her cradle; and the handsomest of men, with full-grown moustaches, must not flatter himself that he is half so much admired as he was when in petticoats. Without any reference to their being our future statesmen, philosophers and magistrates in miniature disguises, children form in their present state of pigmy existence a most influential class of beings; and the arrival of a bawling infant who can scarcely open its eyes, and only opens its mouth, like an unfledged bird, for food, will effect the most extraordinary alteration in a whole household; substitute affection for coldness, duty for dissipation, cheerfulness for gravity, and unite hearts which time had divided.

THE HEART'S SONG.

BY H. H.

My heart is singing sweetest strains—
Ah! can you catch the lay?
It thrills and trembles as it dies
In echoes far away;
And then so rich and rare it swells,
Like organs' strains sublime,
And sweet and soft, and faint and far,
Like distant church-bells' chime.

What hand is hovering o'er my heart?
What unseen power is there
To wake this wondrous melody
That breathes through all the air,
Till highest hopes that live with life,
And thoughts of fear and woe,
And every chord my being owns,
Is beat in rhythmic flow?

I care not whence they come, nor where
Their secret spring may be,
If only sweeter, day by day,
They still will sing to me.
Perchance 'tis Love that holds the key—
Perchance 'tis dreams of fame—
Yet still my song floats on the air,
Whatever be its name.

PEGGY'S DOUBLE.

BY GEORGE M. DENNYS.

Jonathan Savage, having bought a house out of town, and comfortably established himself and family therein, found himself in want of a cook.

A young girl applied for the situation. When questioned by her new mistress, the girl proved respectful and apparently capable.

She stated that she had been brought up as a cook.

She gave her name as Peggy, and declared herself anxious to suit.

And having given satisfactory answers to all interrogatories, she took her way to the kitchen, where she set herself zealously to work without delay.

"A perfect treasure," Mrs. Savage declared—"decidedly a perfect treasure."

There was no cause to change their opinion next day, nor the next.

On the third night, however, Mr. Savage was surprised, on alighting from the train, to see Peggy in her black straw hat and waterproof cloak standing on the platform.

He addressed her, but she did not answer him.

And he hastened home, wondering what had happened that the "treasure" should have been dismissed so suddenly.

To his surprise, Peggy opened the door for him.

"Well, Peggy, you must have walked fast to get here before me," he said, pleasantly.

Peggy made a curtsey, but said nothing.

"I saw you at the depot, didn't I?" said Mr. Savage.

"Please, sir, I don't know," said Peggy.

"You've been there?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir."

"Her way of being polite and leaving it all to me," said Mr. Savage to himself.

But though he discovered that Peggy had not left the house all day, he could scarcely believe that he had not seen her.

That very evening another odd thing happened.

Little Thomas Savage, going to look for a lost chicken, came in with a story.

"I thought I saw a ghost, mother," he said. "It was standing by the well, looking ever so funny; but just as I was going to run, I saw it was Peggy, all wrapped up in something."

"Peggy has been standing just there chopping meat ever since you went out," said his mother, pointing to the kitchen door.

It was no more Peggy than it was a ghost, but the boy persisted in his statement.

He was so obstinate, indeed, that he was sent to bed in some disgrace for contradicting his mother.

Mr. Savage slept late next morning, and was aroused by the breakfast bell.

As he hurried down stairs, consulting his watch, he saw the door of the servant's room, which opened on the stairs—the room being built over the kitchen—standing slightly ajar.

And as he looked, a dark face, encircled by a night cap, peeped out, and a hand, with a white frill about it, pushed it to.

Peggy's face, Peggy's hand, without a doubt.

"Had to get breakfast yourself, my dear?" said Mr. Savage, as he took his seat at the table.

"Oh, no," replied his wife. "Why did you think so?"

And at that moment, Peggy, in her ordinary dress, walked into the room with a plate in her hand.

"Singular," said Mr. Savage to himself, but made no further explanation.

It was a month since Peggy's entrance into the family, and she had given every satisfaction.

Still, it was plain to be seen that something was the matter.

Miss Oliver had come to reside with them, and every one was well, but Mrs. Savage looked anxious.

So did her sister.

So also did Mr. Savage.

The ladies exchanged mysterious glances with each other, and the gentleman often shook his head warningly at his eldest boy, when he had just opened his lips to say something.

Mr. Savage often asked his wife what could trouble her, and she frequently said:

"Why are you so serious, my dear?"

At last Olivia was found in hysterics in the hall, and matters grew too serious to be kept quiet any longer.

"I must know what it is," said Mr. Savage.

"Don't tell him," sobbed Olivia.

"I don't see why you should be ashamed of it," said Mr. Savage. "You can't help it. It's nerves, I suppose. We'd better send for a doctor."

"I'm not nervous," sobbed Olivia. "Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"There, now," said Mrs. Savage, "I declare I can't bear it any longer. My dear, poor Livy has taken to ghost seeing, and she's so affected me that I really have imagined something of the sort myself."

"She sees a woman exactly like Peggy over and over again, when Peggy is somewhere else to my certain knowledge, and I've seen the same thing twice."

"It's an optical illusion, I presume; I've read of such things."

Mr. Savage turned pale.

"My dear girls," said he, "Thomas is as bad as you are.

"I've been threatening to flog the poor fellow if he frightened you with his stories; but he sees Peggy in the garden, in the meadow—here, there, everywhere. And he speaks to her, and she does not answer. And then he runs home and finds her in the kitchen, or where not, and naturally feels oddly about it. I myself have seen the same thing twice."

"You have!" cried Mrs. Savage.

"You!" screamed Olivia. "Oh, I'm so thankful! I'm not crazy, then."

"Oh, dear, no," said Mr. Savage. "Oh, dear, no. You see it is becoming plain to me that a certain old superstition of which I have read is founded on fact."

"You've heard of people who had doubles. Peggy evidently has a double.

"The wraith does not speak, you say? That coincides with all the stories on the subject. Yes, that's the solution of the mystery. Peggy has a double."

"But we can't keep such a mysterious girl about the house. It's like hiring a ghost," said Mrs. Savage.

"Suppose we talk to Peggy?" said Mr. Savage.

The proposition met with favor.

Peggy was sent for, and came at once.

"Now, my good girl, I don't want to frighten you," said Mr. Savage, "but something odd has happened. Did you ever have anything singular said to you about yourself—for instance, that you were seen where you never went, you know, or something like that?"

"Oh, yes," said Peggy—"yes, sir, to be sure; I always hear the same story. There's two of me. It scares folks, but I can't help it."

"Don't it frighten you?" asked Mrs. Savage.

"I'm used to it," said Peggy. "Being two of me got me lots of scoldings where I was before, 'cause, you see, I can't help where t'other one of me goes, or what it does."

"Yes, she has a double," said Mr. Savage—"yes, yes. Very singular—very."

"I'm sorry, Peggy," said Mrs. Savage, "but it frightens my sister very much, and we shall be obliged to part. You've been a good girl, Peggy. I'll pay you a month's wages, but I can't bear ghost-seeing any longer."

"Very well, ma'am," said Peggy, "I'll pack up. You must excuse there being two of me—I can't help it."

"Very singular," said Mr. Savage—"very, very, very!"

Peggy went upstairs to pack her clothes, and came down with her box.

"If you'd like to look over my things, ma'am," said she, "there they are. If there is two of me, why, I'm honest."

Then Peggy slowly proceeded to spread upon the floor her worldly possessions.

"Nothing that ain't mine," she said; "and there's my pocket."

She turned this receptacle inside out as she spoke, and spread out her hands.

"I'm honest, if there is two of me," she said again. "I can't help that."

"Ma," cried Thomas, just then bursting in at the door, "Peggy is going over the bridge with a big bundle—oh! why, here is Peggy. Oh, my, look!"

The three elder folks rushed to the window, and stood solemnly gazing out.

In the room, beside them, stood Peggy, with her black calico dress, pink calico apron, and round black hat, and a bundle under her arm.

Over the bridge, slowly, as a phantom should, passed Peggy's double—black dress, pink apron, round hat, bundle and all.

They all saw it at once.

It was frightful.

Miss Olivia sank into a chair, trembling.

Mrs. Savage grasped her husband's arm.

Thomas fairly yelled.

Even the sterner man turned pale.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," he quoted, solemnly.

"Yes, sir," said Peggy. "Good morning, all."

Away she went, and those to whom she bade adieu breathed more freely when she had left the house.

"The most curious thing I ever heard of," said Mr. Savage. "I shall write an account of it for the papers, and a letter on the subject to my friend ——, the mesmerist. Most mysterious, indeed."

It was nearly two hours after Peggy's departure that a stout gentleman rang the door bell.

Mrs. Savage answered it in person.

There stood before her the stout gentleman.

"I call, madam," he said, "to make a few inquiries concerning a girl you hired about three weeks ago—a girl named Peggy. I should like my inquiries to be quite private for the present, if you please."

Mrs. Savage instantly summoned her husband and sister.

The parlor door was closed, and the visitor began.

"I do not wish the girl to suspect anything as yet. If you can keep her from leaving the house, you will oblige me."

"She left us this morning," said Mr. Savage.

"I am very sorry to hear that," said the gentleman. "Pray, may I ask if anything singular occurred during her stay?"

"Sir," said Mr. Savage, "something singular did occur. I presume you hope to investigate the phenomena?"

"Well, sir," said the other, "I don't call it that, you know. I see you've been taken in, just as the Smiths were. She's a cute girl, that Peggy."

"My dear sir," cried Mr. Savage, "you scientific men doubt everything. Now it is certain to me that Peggy has a double. I, myself ——"

"My dear sir," cried the other, "stop a bit. I'm not exactly what you suppose me. I'm a detective.

"Peggy's double is a deaf and dumb twin-sister, as like her as two peas, and this ghost dodge is her little game.

"She smuggles the dumb girl into the house she lives at, and she goes through the closets and trunks. Has the lady made certain that nothing is gone?"

The wraith-seers stared at each other.

Mr. Savage turned red.

The ladies rushed upstairs together.

A few moments' inspection proved to them that they had been robbed.

While Peggy had been exhibiting her bundle, the double had walked away with another containing laces, jewelery and other small matters, not to speak of Mr. Savage's watch, which he had left on the stand in his room that morning, and the cuckoo clock from the back parlor.

To Young Men.—Don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of those whom they called friends; and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character.

RECEIPTS GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

Copying Ink.—A little sugar dissolved in any writing ink will change it into a suitable copying ink.

Good Liquid Glue, for household purposes, may be made by mixing three ounces gum arabic, three ounces distilled vinegar, with one ounce of white sugar. Instead of the distilled vinegar, one part ascetic acid and five parts water may be substituted.

A Valuable recipe for curing cattle of the fermentation produced in their stomachs from eating clover and other green food: The remedy is a spoonful of ammonia dissolved in a glass of water, and administered to the animal. The cure takes place within an hour.

If you have been pickling or handling acid fruit and have stained your hands, wash them in clear water, wipe them lightly, and while they are yet moist strike a match and shut your hands around it so as to catch the smoke, and the stain will disappear.

Clean White Ostrich Feathers.—Four ounces of white soap, cut small, dissolved in four pints of water, rather hot, in a large basin; make the solution into a lather, by beating it with birch rods, or wires. Introduce the feathers, and rub well with the hands for five or six minutes. After this soaping, wash in clean water, as hot as the hand can bear. Shake until dry.

Grease Spots from Silk.—Upon a deal table lay a piece of woolen cloth or baize, upon which lay smoothly the part stained, with the right side downwards. Having spread a piece of brown paper on the top, apply a flat-iron just hot enough to scorch the paper. About five or eight seconds is usually sufficient. Then rub the stained part briskly with a piece of cap-paper.

Elderberry Wine.—A good recipe for making elderberry wine, is as follows: Press out the juice and strain it, put into an open vessel, add four pounds good sugar to one gallon of juice; let stand five or six weeks, or till perfectly clear (skim every day), then pour off carefully into a keg or barrel, and cork tight; let stand in a cool place; don't put in any water; if too strong, water it as you use it; don't put it in glass or stone vessels—there is a gas accumulates in it that will pass out through staves, but will not go through glass or stoneware. This is the best wine as a medicine that we know of, especially for colds. This wine will never freeze.

A Substitute for Ice.—It is probable that many good housewives do not know that butter may be kept firm and nice looking by merely inverting over it a flower-pot, covered with damp cloths. In the same way a water-pitcher, enveloped in wet cloths, will keep its contents cool and grateful to the parched throat this hot weather.

On a large scale, the same plan may be used in the fields—as we have before said, but it will bear saying again. The contents of a barrel, enveloped in cloths which are kept constantly wet, will be so pleasant as almost to induce the laborer in the field to drink more than is good for him.

The reason why water kept this way is cool is, that the evaporation of the outside dampness carries off the heat from the inside—just as perspiration carries off the heat from the human frame, and renders a live man capable of withstanding a heat which will cook a breakfast.

AUCTIONS IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

Auctions in different countries are curious subjects of study. In an auction in Spain, for instance, everything accords with the national temper. There is no noise. Conversation is prohibited. The auctioneer is held to his description of goods. A bid is made; he of the hammer repeats it; silence follows; another bid, another announcement of it, and another silence—all as serious and solemn as a prayer meeting, until the mallet falls.

An auction room in France is, on the contrary, a perfect Babel. In all noisy Paris there is nothing so noisy and boisterous as a St. Antoine vender where *gamins* and *chiffonniers* and "old clo'" Jews contend for cheap bargains. There can be no greater contrast to this hubbub than that which is presented by the dull decorum of an auction sale in Amsterdam or Rotterdam. There Mynheer auctioneer sits behind a table smoking his pipe. He states term of sale, waits for a bid, makes no haste, creates no excitement, watches no countenances, takes no nods or winks. Before him stands a box filled with tapers. If there is too long delay, he lights one of these in silence, and thrusts it on a spindle fixed in the table. When it goes out the last bidder takes the article.

There is a curious old custom at Billingsgate—the great and well-known fish market in London—of selling fish from the boats as they arrive every morning, by an auction "of reduction," as it is called. Every boat load is sold altogether. Twenty-five or thirty sales are going on at once. The "reduction" auction always occurs in the early morning, sometimes before light. Men and women indiscriminately act as auctioneers and buyers, also men and women walk up and down the docks scrutinising the cargoes. A bell rings and the sale commence. In a large, flat gondola are bloaters, owned by the strapping fishwoman, who now begin to brawl to the buyers on shore as she stands on the bow, "Here's your bloaters, fine, large Yarmouth bloaters; five shillings a cantle! Five shillings! Well, four and tenpence be it then! Four and ten! Four and ten! Four and nine, then! Four and eight!"

"I'll take 'em, old woman, at four and eight," cries a buyer from the landing-place, and forthwith the boat load is his.

And so it goes for an hour, amid chaffing and scolding, screaming and swearing; the words, "Mackrell, Allibout, Sole, Salmon, Cod, Addock," shouted a hundred times all together; the boats unloading; porters struggling, boys and girls counting the "hunders" by themselves; fishmongers from the West End, selecting; errand boys running; fish women flouting each other, and everybody blowing up everybody else, until the great bell rings, which ends the auction hour and opens the morning market.

It is the pale passions that are the fiercest; it is the violence of the chill that gives the measure of the fever.

THE SEE-SAW.

BY E. H.

Sickness and health have been having a game with me,
Tossing me, just like a ball, to and fro;
Pleasure and pain have been doing the same with me,
Treating me simply like something to throw.
Joy took me up to the clouds for a holiday,
In a balloon that she happens to keep;
Then, as a damp upon rather a jolly day,
Grief, in her diving-bell, took me down deep.

Poverty came pretty early—bad luck to her!—
Truly she makes an affectionate wife.
I, like a fool, have been faithful, and stuck to her;
She'll stick to me for the rest of my life.
As for our children (I wish we had drowned them all)—
Those I regard as the worst of my ills;
How can you wonder to hear me *confound* them all,
Seeing that most of those children are *Bills?*

Hope, who was once an occasional visitor,
Never looks in on us now for a chat.
Memory comes, though—the cruel inquisitor!
(Not that I feel much the better for *that!*)
Hope was a liar; there's no use denying it;
Memory's tales are decidedly true;
Yet I confess that I like, after trying it,
Hope's conversation the best of the two.

JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 37. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER LI.

THE END OF THE STORY.

Mighty death!
Thou double-visaged shadow! Only judge—
Rightfullest arbiter. —*Shelley.*

Doris Carlyon herself was the first to recover her equanimity after the awkward *contretemps* of Muriel's appearance in the ball-room. There were many there who had known her at the time of the Royal Academy *fiasco*, and who remembered Jasper's illness and her own sudden flight from England at the time, and there were many more who had gossiped over the more recent scandal in which her name and his had figured, and did not wonder at the wife's madness and her terrible words.

"She is mad, poor thing," she repeated to those around her, for the dancing had stopped and the guests had congregated around their hostess in wild affright. "But she is harmless, I hear, and my cousin, Mr. Dormer, will see her safely bestowed. Pray go on; I assure you there is no danger."

And so, smiling and entreating, she passed from one to another, and at length succeeded in restoring a little confidence among the dancers and in persuading them to resume their dancing, and then her own self-control began to give way.

"I must not faint or go into hysterics," she said to herself, "with all these people looking at me, and I shall if I don't get away a minute."

Her partner for the next dance came up at the moment, and she begged him with a smile to let her off.

"I'll be forever grateful to you," she said, "if you'll cover my retreat, instead of insisting on the Lancers."

"Certainly, if you would rather not dance," he said, somewhat stiffly.

"I would rather not. I want to find my cousin, and see what he has done with that poor creature. Besides, I am a little upset, and I want a minute's quiet. Saunter to the door with me, and then leave me. I'll pay you with two dances by-and-by, if you want them."

He did her bidding—as who did not?—and no one noticed that Miss Carlyon had left the room except Mrs. Bellew, who asked her where she was going.

"Only away for a breath of air and a little quiet, auntie," she replied.

"Find Ernest, my dear, if you can," the old lady said. "He has something to say to you."

"I'll let him find me if he wants me," she retorted, as she passed on. "Tell him I am in the drawing-room; there's no one there."

The drawing-room, where the much-talked-of picture hung, was empty, and Doris passed in there. It had been her will to have it just as it was, that parties heated with dancing might stroll in through the open windows, if they so chose, and rest themselves on its luxurious couches and chairs.

By-and-by it would be echoing with passing feet and merry voices; now there was no one there. The portrait stood out in the softened light of the lamps, which seemed to give to its weird whiteness and crimson splashes a shimmering tremor that made it look alive.

"It is a ghastly picture," Doris said to herself, as she sank wearily on one of the soft *fauteuils*. "I'll have it taken away."

Something stirred near her in the shadow of the window-curtain, and she started up with a look of horror in her eyes, that darkened and deepened with awful intensity as she recognized what she gazed upon.

Ernest Dormer could not see where Muriel went; she did not turn back and make straight for the house, as he expected she would, but ran on towards the park. He pursued her for a little way, but he could neither see her nor hear her footsteps, and he turned back to give the alarm and have her searched for.

He saw as he passed the windows of the ball room that she had not returned there. The dancing was going on with spirit, and no sign of an intruder was visible among the gay throng.

"I must warn the servants," he said to himself, and went round to the side door.

As he did so, the sound of wheels came crunching over the gravel, and a vehicle stopped in front of the door.

Ernest Dormer forgot all about Muriel and her madness, and the probable mischief she might do, when he heard the voices of the men he had left at Rugby inquiring for Doris in the hall. There was time, he thought. He might save her yet, and he rushed through the passages to the ball room, finding Mrs. Bellew in the place where he had left her.

"Where is Doris?" he asked, in a choking voice.

"In the drawing-room. Why, what has happened?"

"They are here!"

She knew what he meant by "they," and sank back in her seat with a low moan, while Ernest sprang across the room, to the great bewilderment and confusion of the dancers, who thought certainly he must be mad or drunk.

Through the window was the nearest way, and through he went and looked in.

He did not see her, and softly called "Doris," uncertain who else might be there, and at the instant he heard a terrible, agonized scream, and some one running violently out ran full against him, and they fell to the ground together.

Instinctively he grasped the person by the collar, thinking it was a thief, and held him as in a vice. The man struggled violently to free himself, but it was of no avail. Ernest Dormer in his college days had thrashed bargees, and held his own in many a town and gown fight, besides being stroke of the university eight, and the most enduring athlete of his time. Whoever it was he held had no chance, and was kept down till other hands came to help to secure him.

Meanwhile, the men were parleying in the hall with the porter.

"It's quite impossible," he said, decidedly but civilly. "My mistress can see no one to-night on any business whatever. You can see for yourself that she cannot, without talking any more about it."

"She'll see me, I guess," said Septimus Luker, coolly.

"She *must* see me," the detective added. "We are here in the name of the law, and you dare not oppose us."

"I don't know you, and I shall not let you in," the porter said, doggedly. "I have my orders, and I must obey them."

"And I have my orders, and they must be obeyed," the officer said. "Call your mistress out to speak to us, or it will be worse for her and for you."

"Aye, call her out," Mr. Luker said, coarsely, "unless you want to see her arrested for murder before the whole ball room."

"For what?"

"For murder! We've come to arrest her. That's the programme," said Luker, who appeared to have been drinking. "Oh, you needn't gape at us like that. It's all square. We've got a warrant, and mean to collar the reward."

"Hush!" said the detective, with a look of disgust on his face, while Anthony Colliver spoke quietly to the frightened porter.

"It's all true, my man. You had better let us pass in quietly, and then tell your mistress. The thing may be managed without all the people knowing anything about it if you only keep your head. Don't stare like that, but fetch her."

The man rose slowly from his seat, and opened the door of a small parlor.

"Step in here," he said, "and I'll go. Heaven send this is a bad dream, and that I shall wake out of it. It can't be true."

"It is true. You'll wake to the reality of it by and by, when you see her driven off with us," said Luker. "Make haste, my man. Gracious heaven! what's that?"

A woman's scream, appalling in its horror, ringing through the empty passages, rising high above the music and the sound of feet in the ball room.

"Something has happened," said the detective. "Where is it?" for the sound had seemed to come from close to where they stood.

"It is my mistress' voice," the man said, his face ashy white. "She must be in the drawing-room."

He pushed open the huge folding doors that shut in the hall, and went into the lobby, on which one door of the drawing room opened. The others followed him and burst open the doors just as a rush of terrified dancers from the ball room appeared at the windows.

Muriel Onslow lay insensible on the floor, and Doris Carlyon stood in a strange cramped attitude by the marble table right under the picture of her that the strange artist had painted.

Doris Carlyon undoubtedly, but with a strange, awful light in her eyes, and her face gray with an ashen pallor. Her dress was disordered, too; some one had torn her crimson sash and her knots of red flowers, and scattered them in some strange manner, for there were streaks of red in her costume that were not there before, and one or two of her red roses were lying on the floor.

Something there was in her attitude and look that struck all present dumb with horror and dismay, and the detective was the first to break the spell. He went up to her, but she took no notice.

"Miss Doris Carlyon," he said, "you are my prisoner."

She never moved or lifted her eyes, and he laid his hand upon her arm. Then the tension of her muscles seemed to relax, and she fell forward at his feet to the ground, leaving red stains and splashes on the white marble as she fell.

"Good heavens! she has been stabbed!" he said, recoiling, while shrieks and moans rose from the terrified witnesses of the terrible scene. "Shut the doors and windows. Let no one escape from the house."

They lifted her up and laid her on a sofa. She was not dead, but dying fast; they were powerless to avert the catastrophe, and Septimus Luker looked on with baleful eyes.

"She's done it herself," he said, "to balk the law."

Doris heard the coarse speech, and shook her head faintly. She turned her eyes to where Muriel had been placed, still insensible, and Anthony Colliver answered her look.

"She didn't do it?"

"No," faintly said the white lips; and the detective whispered:

"I think she did, from all I've heard. She came here on purpose."

One of Doris' guests was her family doctor, and he came and bent over her with tears in his eyes.

"It is no use," he said, quietly. "Nothing can be done. Before you can get any one else here the end will come. Better use your energies to find the man who did the deed."

He was found already. Even as the good old man spoke Ernest Dormer and two others dragged him in through the window. Rough and ragged, unshaven, and gaunt with days of privation, with the weapon in his hand and the blood of his victim on his clothes, he stood revealed in the light of the lamps, a hideous object—the man Ralph Rutherford, whose disappearance had created such a commotion, and whose child was even now at Kingcolm, the petted favorite of the woman who was dying by his hand.

He betrayed no emotion at being caught. He stood there gazing with a hard light in his evil eyes on the prostrate form on the sofa and the frightened faces around him.

"I've paid my debts at last," he said, after a pause. "You came hunting for a life, take mine. My wife and I are quits now."

"Wife?"

The word was echoed from many lips, and he repeated it with a scornful laugh.

"Yes, wife!" he said. "My wife, Teresa Sclavoni, the peasant girl, who forsook me for a rich man, and stabbed him as I have stabbed her when she could get nothing more from him. I swore to be revenged. She baulked me for a long time; my time has come now."

"Take him away, for heaven's sake," said Ernest Dormer, for he saw that Doris heard what was going on.

"Doris," he whispered, "speak to me—only one word. Who is that man?"

"My husband."

The answer was distinct enough, though no one but those close around her heard it.

"And is his story true?"

"Yes, it is true," she said, in the same distinct tone, rather sharper than before, for to speak the words was her last effort of life.

Almost with them on her lips, the shapely head, with its coronal of flowers, all crushed and broken now, fell back on the arm that held it, and the story of Teresa Sclavoni was told with Doris Carlyon's ended life.

CHAPTER LII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one.
—*Wordsworth.*

No one thought of the child in the terrible confusion of those awful moments. The little fellow had stayed up very late, and had been allowed to see the guests, and to be petted and flattered to his heart's content.

Setting aside his benefactress' partial love, he was really a very beautiful boy, and the fantastic way in which Doris chose to dress him added not a little to his rather foreign-looking loveliness. He had been more than usually fondled since the curious episode narrated some time since, when he had insisted that he saw his father, for it had had a strange effect upon him. He had grown distant and thoughtful beyond his years, and been found quietly crying for "papa" twice in an unchildish fashion that was very pitiful. So on this grand night he had been attired in Doris' favorite costume for him—a ruby velvet frock, trimmed with point lace, with his hair in a tangled mass of curls, looking lovely enough to be the son of a prince.

The ladies all petted him, and if they wondered and whispered and said unwarrantable things in "asides" about him, they were loud in open praise of Miss Carlyon's bounty, goodness and taste.

It was not till Master Ralpho had fallen asleep in the arms of a baronet's wife—a fat, motherly woman, with plenty of young ones at home—that he would permit any one to carry him to bed.

Once there he was forgotten. The servants were too busy entertaining their friends in the servants' hall, and manœuvring to get peeps at what was going on in the ball-room, to think of him, and when the shrieks and moans that arose told of some dire tragedy, they rushed *en masse* to the windows and door of the ball-room, and forgot the boy alone upstairs whom the fatal crime had made master of Kingcolm Grange and all in it.

Poor baby! For all his wealth he was as bare of friends as any waif that ever saw the light, unwished for unwelcomed, in a workhouse ward. No one was near him to soothe and pacify him when the disturbance down-stairs roused him from his sleep.

He made his way down-stairs and crept into the room, his little feet dabbling in the blood stains on the carpet.

Ernest was the first to see him, and he caught him up and consigned him to one of the servants.

"Take him away, and keep him away, for heaven's sake," he said. "Such a sight is enough to make an idiot of him for life."

The little incident recalled him to the reality of what seemed a hideous dream. All was confusion, and no one knew what to do. There was nobody but him to take the command of the frightened household or to restore order amongst the bewildered crowd of terrified guests, who were rushing out of the Grange in any way they could, carriages being seized and appropriated by any one who could get hold of them, and the utmost confusion prevailed.

In an hour he had restored something like tranquility. The drawing-room was locked up with what lay there composed in awful stillness on a couch; the detectives and Septimus Luker had driven off with Ralph Rutherford, and Mrs. Bellew was recovering from her hysterics and fainting-fit under the doctor's charge in her own room.

He had quieted the servants, most of whom wanted to rush out of the house then and there, with a few sharp, decisive words, promising that they should all be paid and go on the morrow if they chose, but that they must be quiet now and do what they could to restore order and quiet to the house.

They obeyed him, as a master mind is generally obeyed, and went about what he bid them do quietly enough.

Ernest walked into the deserted ball-room, all strewed with crushed flowers, broken fans, torn dresses, and all the paraphernalia of flirtation which the guests had cast aside in their haste to get away from the scene of horror.

He was alone for a brief moment, and then all of a sudden for the first time he remembered Muriel. He had forgotten her very existence in the confusion of what had happened. What had become of her? Where was she?

He had seen her stretched insensible on the floor when he had helped to drag Ralph Rutherford to the feet of his victim; but who could have spirited her away? Was she dead too? Was the whole world a hideous death-chamber?

His brain began to reel, and he put his hands to his head. Fatigue and want of sleep combined with strong excitement were telling on him, and he felt as though he would lose his senses. For a moment he felt like falling, and sunk on the nearest seat to recover, when a hand laid on his shoulder recalled him to himself, and looking up he saw Anthony Colliver standing before him.

"You here?" he said, in astonishment.

"Yes, I'm here," he replied, quietly. "I thought I might be of use, and I think I have been. She's safe."

"She! Who?"

"Mrs. Onslow."

"Where?" asked Ernest Dormer, springing up, with a great load lifted off his mind.

"In the supper room. No one seemed to notice her, except in tumbling over her, so I just carried her in there. If there's a doctor to be had you'd better get one. She seems to be coming to herself."

"I'll thank you by and by, Mr. Colliver," Ernest said, warmly. "You have done me a great service. I believe I'm knocked up," he said, wearily. "I can hardly stand."

"Ah! come and have a glass of wine. You've been knocking about without any rest, and tussling with a madman, and looking at"—he finished his sentence with a jerk of his hand towards the drawing-room—"and all that's enough to knock down any one. Now I came here quite fresh, and I didn't look at anything more than I was obliged to—and that was enough—so I'm ready for anything, and I thought I'd stay and see if I could help."

"You are very good. You have helped already in taking care of poor Muriel."

"If I am in the way, say so, and I'll be off," said the odd old man.

But Ernest wrung his hand, and begged him to stay. It was a great relief to him, he declared, to have some one to speak to.

They went together into the supper room, all set out with glittering many-hued glass and silver, with fragrant flowers and rare viands for the guests, whom no temptation could ever persuade to sit down in that house; and there upon a velvet lounge, the place of honor where Doris Carlyon was to have sat, lay Muriel Onslow, white and insensible still, but breathing, her fair hair falling round her face like a glory. She looked inexpressibly lovely and peaceful.

"I don't know much about it," Anthony Colliver said, "but I think she's very ill. We must have a doctor."

"There's one in the house now," said Ernest. "Mrs. Bellew is——"

"Ah! in fits, and all that sort of things, of course," was the grim reply. "That's natural. But don't you think if you were to see the old lady and tell her that her help was wanted here, it would do her more good than all the hartshorn and doctor's stuff in the world."

"I'll try it," said Ernest. "Anyway, I'll bring the doctor."

In five minutes he had roused Mrs. Bellew from her prostration by the news that Muriel was in the house very ill; in five more she was standing by her side in the supper-room, very much frightened, but able to be of use and help.

The doctor came, and looked very grave, giving it as his opinion that Muriel was very ill. He ordered her to bed immediately, and desired that a nurse might be sent for. Ernest Dormer undertook that she should have every comfort the Grange could furnish.

"She is under my charge at present," he said, "and she shall want for nothing."

So Muriel, unconscious still, was moved away to the room that had been hers when she was Muriel Chisholm, Miss Carlyon's companion, and the doctor gave it as his opinion that a crisis of her malady had come.

"She will awake either much better or much worse," he said. "I am inclined to think the former. It is just possible that she may be quite well, but the cases of perfect recovery are rare. Some faculty or other is generally wanting."

But the "just possible" became the truth in Muriel's case. She lay for several days unconscious of what was passing around her, knowing nothing of the sad stir, of inquest and funeral which followed each other in quick succession, and waking at length weak as an infant, only conscious of the fact that she was in her old room at Kingcolm Grange, and with the memory of all that had passed since her girlhood erased from her mind.

They let her alone, and by degrees it all came bit by bit to the time when she had been instrumental in bringing about Jasper's arrest. She remembered going to Anthony Colliver, and with him to the police officer, and after that all was blank till she had entered the drawing-room at Kingcolm and beheld Ralph Rutherford strike Doris Carlyon to the heart.

Her remorse and distress were terrible to see. She imagined Jasper to be dead, done to death by her means, and refused to be comforted. By degrees they told her all—how not death, but a very limited imprisonment, was the doom that had overtaken her husband, and how, when he came out of prison, friends would not be wanting to help him to begin life anew somewhere else.

As soon as she was able to be moved, Ernest Dormer and Mrs. Bellew took her back to London and placed her in a quiet lodging with her children, and Kingcolm Grange was shut up, Ernest being appointed by the Lord Chancellor guardian to the little heir so suddenly discovered and orphaned.

It was some time before it was deemed safe for Muriel to see her husband; but Jasper sent her a letter containing his full and free forgiveness, which Ernest obtained permission for him to write and send unperused by the authorities. The same kind influence was brought to bear subsequently, and a day came when a weeping woman, closely veiled, was ushered into the cell of prisoner No. 18, and allowed to remain there unwatched by the warders.

And so the days of Jasper Onslow's punishment drew to a close, and his very existence was forgotten save by the very few who were not ashamed to call themselves his friends.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

QUARRELING.—If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is, unquestionably, a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

Wisdom, indeed, is not confined to any limited circle, much less to the very narrow one of private friendship, and sound advice may often be procured from those with whom we have contracted no ties of intimacy.

MEN WITH NO MUSIC IN THEM.

BY MARY DALLAS.

I do not mean men who cannot play the fiddle, nor discriminate between "God save the Queen" and somebody's symphony in A minor. A man may not sing (or a woman either), and yet have music—have a good deal of soul-music. The man we mean has a heart with no chords to it, and a mind without any keys. Very probably he is extremely sensible; he can count you up a column of figures without hesitation. He knows what he ought to pay for beef a pound, and what should be the price of coal; but if you make a joke, he inquires blandly, "Is that an actual fact, and what are your reasons for thinking so?" He can laugh when some one tumbles down, or bumps his head against a post; but he must have his cause for merriment in some such palpable form to comprehend it. As for sentiment, or romance, or poetry, he leaves those for people he considers idiots. He never falls in love—not he; he quietly marries, according to his taste—a handsome or a useful wife—and thereafter performs his duty by dressing her very well, and carefully replenishing the larder. One virtue he has; if he does not make love to her, he makes love to no one else, but it is only because it isn't in him. Generally his wife is dreamily miserable, and blames herself for it because she has no cause.

You can't touch that man. You cannot reproach him; you cannot make him feel the woes of others; he gives a certain amount yearly to public charities, but he never gave a beggar a penny in his life. He never gave a child a loving kiss, though he offers a religiously formal touch of his cold lips on proper occasions, such as meeting after a journey, to his wife and offspring. He goes to his friends' funerals in solemn black, and invariably speaks well of the departed; but he eats as hearty a dinner after it as usual, and never sheds a tear.

I hate the man without music. I'd rather have to do with the most reckless creature of impulse—the man with as many strings and chords and notes to his soul that, unskilfully played on, there is sometimes discord; the man who wants to sob when all comes right at the end of the play, and the heroine falls into the hero's arms; the man who would give his last shilling to some unworthy beggar who buys a dram with it, and is hurt and angry without cause, and ready to make amends the moment after—men who love ardently, and are such friends as were Damon and Pythias—men who are always having the worst of it, but who come out at the end the brighter for their rubs, and who at last, when angel's hands shall play upon their soul's harps, shall show that only unskilful playing ever made them harsh. In fact, give me too much music rather than none at all in the man whom I would choose to be my friend.

THE HOLE IN THE POCKET.

BY E. W. PHILLIPS.

Jonas Slack and his wife commenced housekeeping, as many other young people do, with little means for defraying the necessary expenses; but as he was a good mechanic, he could generally find employment in his native village, and she being an industrious little woman, besides doing her housework, earned considerable in the course of a year, by doing plain sewing. But still they did not seem to prosper as did Ned Bowen and his wife, who commenced housekeeping near them about the same time, under similar circumstances. The reason why and the way he made the discovery, we will let him tell in his own words:

My wife said to me one evening, "Mr. Slack, I wish to get some thread and needles at the store, and want a little change."

I felt in my pocket, examined my wallet thoroughly, but could find nothing that would pass for currency at the store, and reported the unpleasant fact to her.

"Why," said she, "what has become of the half-dollar I gave you this morning, that I got from Mrs. Jones for sewing?" (She had always made me cashier of the firm.)

After another unsuccessful attempt to find it, I said:

"Mrs. Slack, I think there must be a hole in one of my pants, for certainly I have not got it, and I do not think of anything I have paid it out for."

"I will look at your pockets this evening," said she, mildly, "and will mend them if they need it."

It was not long after this conversation that I remembered having treated myself and three friends to ice cream, but concluded to keep the discovery to myself.

"I couldn't find any hole in your pocket last night," said my wife, the next morning, in a gentle tone, and with a look that my feelings prevented me from scanning closely; and all the reply I felt willing to make was, "Ah, couldn't you?"

A few days afterwards she called on me for twenty-five cents she had lately deposited in my sub-treasury for safe keeping.

"Really, Mrs. Slack," said I, thinking it best to show a bold front, "there must be some corner or seam in my pocket that is open;" though really I could not find one, any more than I could the missing quarter.

"If there is, it is singular that I did not find it the other evening," said she, in her usual quiet way, "but I will be sure to find it this evening if there is any."

On the way to my work after dinner, while passing a cigar store, the fate of my wife's quarter came distinctly to my mind. It had vanished in smoke; *i. e.*, it had paid for five finely flavored cigars which some of my village friends had helped me to dispose of while discussing politics there the previous evening.

Mrs. Slack had never told me whether she found any hole in my pocket or not; and I did not feel disposed to push the investigation on the subject any further at the time.

Although I was seldom entirely out of change, still it was frequently unpleasantly scarce. In fact I spent more than I was aware of, in small items, from day to day, and the result was that I did without things at home which my wages would have enabled me to buy, and left some for charitable purposes.

One day I was presented with a subscription paper for the benefit of an Orphan Asylum, which I reluctantly handed back without signing, with the remark that I really could not afford it.

My wife smiled sadly, as she said to me in an undertone:

"Ned Bowen subscribed five dollars."

"I don't see how he can afford it," I replied, "as he does not get any better wages or work more hours than I do."

A few days after the foregoing event, on an invitation from Ned Bowen and his wife, we spent an evening at their house, which we found much better furnished than our own, though there was no apparent attempt to make any needless display of furniture.

The evening passed pleasantly away, but I could not avoid some unpleasant feelings whenever I contrasted their home with the appearance of our own.

"I wonder," said I to my wife, on our way home, "if Bowen doesn't go in debt for some of their furniture?"

"He does not," she replied, "for his wife told me they did not owe a dollar in the world."

"But how can they live as they are doing on his wages, if he gives five dollars at a time for charitable purposes?"

"I think I can tell you," said my wife, in a hesitating manner.

"Well, do, if you please," I replied, not a little curious to know what her ideas on the subject were.

"Well," she continued, "in the first place, she never buys for herself any unnecessary finery, and takes good care that nothing is lost or destroyed that comes into the house—"

"But," said I, interrupting her, "I doubt amazingly whether she is more careful in that respect than my own model wife."

"In the second place," said she, "he is as careful in these respects as she is. He buys no ice cream, cigars, etc., neither for himself nor any of his pretended friends. In short, my dear Mr. Slack, he has no hole in his pocket."

It was the first word of suspicion my wife ever uttered on the subject, and that fact, together with the conviction that she clearly saw, and so unexpectedly, but in so kind a manner, told me the real cause of the difference between our home and that of Ned Bowen and his wife, cut me to the quick—or rather, I should have said, it sewed me up, and my pocket, too; they have never been in holes since that evening. Her change has always been safe in them ever since, and our home now will not suffer by a comparison with that of our friends, the Bowens. With good books and papers, I can spend my leisure hours more pleasantly and profitably at home than anywhere else; and the saving of small expenses more than pays for them, and is the secret of success.

LOVE LIGHTENS TOIL.

How easy it is to work when we are happy! How delightful when we are happy, to work for those we love. A life of constant toil, merely for subsistence, is very hard and sad. No heart can bear it. The strain will break the courage and sour the temper of anybody. There must be, before the worker, some better reward than the supply of his mere physical wants, or he will become a discontented being. He must work for *love* more than money, or he is miserable.

The thought of loving hearts at home nerves the strong arm of the man at his toil, and sends the warm blood singing through his heart. The wife, in her household labor, is happy, thinking of the evening hour, when she may sit down with her husband, and be rewarded by his companionship, for all that, during the day, she accomplishes or endures for him and her little ones.

She knows not how hard she works, so long as she is happy in him. She would, if need be, kill herself with hard labor for his sake, and not dream that she was dying. And he, if a true man, would do the same for her. For what do warm, fond hearts know of how much they endure for each other? "Why," say they, "the more the better. It is for love—*for love.*"

What kitchen under ground, what back attic, seven stories high, is dreary enough to darken the face of the maiden, working to make ready for a lover's visit? No one ever saw a place that could do it. Under the excitement of love, especially of love *requited*, wonders of work, otherwise impossible, have been accomplished; and so it will be again, and the worker hardly knows that he has been tasked.

DON'T BE A LOBSTER.—A lobster, when left high and dry among the rocks, has not sense and energy enough to work his way back to the sea, but waits for the sea to come to him. If it does not come, he remains where he is and dies, although the slightest exercise would enable him to reach the waves which are perhaps tossing and tumbling within a yard of him. There is a tide in human affairs that casts men into "tight places," and leaves them there like stranded lobsters. If they choose to lie where the breakers have flung them, expecting some grand billow to take them on its shoulders and carry them to smooth water, the chances are that their hopes will never be realized. Nor is it right they should be. The social element ought not to help him who makes no effort to help himself.

NATURE is the only workman to whom no material is worthless, the only chemist in whose laboratory there are no waste products, and the only artist whose compositions are infinitely varied, and whose fertility of invention is inexhaustible.

Two beings are joined by love as two words by a printer's hyphen—sign at once of separation and connection.

THERE is many an unfortunate one, whose heart, like a snubeam, always appears loveliest in its breaking asunder.

Mischief in the Air.

We cannot analyze the aerial poisons that produce epidemic and endemic diseases; but the valuable discoveries which have been made in vegetable pharmacy enable us to counteract their malific influence. The most powerful known antidote to every species of malaria is HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, a pure botanical medicine, in which the finest antiseptics, tonics, alteratives and stimulants of the vegetable kingdom are skilfully and effectively combined. At seasons of the year when the atmosphere is surcharged with miasma, and wherever the specific virus of any infectious diseases is supposed to be present in the air, this famous corrective should be taken regularly as a protective. All who choose to observe this precaution may bid defiance to intermittent and remittent fevers, and in fact to all disorders generated by foul exhalations or impure water.

Tapeworm! Tapeworm!

Removed alive, with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed. by Dr. KUNKEL, No. 259 N. Ninth St., Phila. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed.

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ENERGY.

It is a common error to mistake more effort for energy. Where there is real power adequate to the performance of the task in hand, there will be no effort. The strong man will lift a weight easily and even gracefully, while the weak man, who rushes forward and puts forth all his strength, may pant and tug at the burden, but either fails to accomplish the task or does it only in a strained and awkward manner, showing plainly his want of the requisite power. There is in connection with every form of bravery a true energy and its counterfeit. Bluster is not courage, rashness is not readiness, doggedness is not fortitude, stupidity is not patience, fool-hardiness is not valor, recklessness is not magnanimity, and desperation is not self-devotion.

MEMORIES.

The heart has memories that never die; the rough usage of the world cannot obliterate them. Feeble age, trembling on the brink of the grave, has them when everything else has fled and been forgotten. They are memories of home, early home; the house where we were born, the yard with its wealth of roses and flowering vines; the lilac bushes where the robins made their nests spring after spring, paying their rent in songs such as we dream of, but never hear afterwards; the old elms and the swing where the children used to play, all the while the mother sat by the low front window, her face beaming out occasionally through the folds of the dainty muslin curtain; the same old house with its pointed gables, quaint cornices and antique windows—the frescoed chambers where we used to dream of all the great, glad world had in store for us. Dear old home, with its gay dreams and sunny hours, and cloudless skies and hours of bliss, and glorious happiness, gone one by one.

The traveler, climbing the mountains of a land not his own, will, amid all his toils and all his changes, revert ever and anon to the time when a youth or a school-boy, he roamed the fields and hills of his own native home.

The mariner, rocked by the storms of the sea, or resting at some foreign port, will run through the long lapse of years back to the hours when, with a brother and sister, he frolicked the joyous hours of youth away.

Neither change nor time, neither age nor years, neither distance nor disease, neither guilt nor passion can ever efface or blot from the heart those memories of the spring time of life, thoughts such as will reproduce, on the verge of eternity, the freshness of emotion, of life, and desire with which existence on earth begun.

REASONS FOR LOOKING PRETTY.

There are good reasons why we should always appear as well as possible. Taking into consideration the strong effect exterior things produce upon the mind, it becomes a necessity, if we desire happiness. That is generally conceded to be the chief object of life; therefore it is well to observe the things most calculated to produce such a result.

A consciousness of looking well, being dressed in good taste, and consequently pleasing to the eyes of those by whom we are surrounded, produces an effect for ourselves as pleasant. *We feel* nice—see that others appreciate us, and our hearts warm with a glow of satisfaction which sends lights to the eye and lip in genial smiles. The atmosphere about us is pervaded with a presence of joy. It is the thrill of "angel breathings upon human lips," which purify us from discontentment and the weariness which arises out of discontentment.

The effect upon the spirits of a dark or bright day is unmistakable. As unmistakable is the effect of our surroundings wherever we chance to be. Our sensitiveness to exterior influences, renders us happy, depressed, or miserable, according to the degree of beauty about us. In a pleasant, airy, well-furnished room we grow cheerful. In a dark, gloomy one we are depressed. A smiling face charms us to forgetfulness of many ills, while a sombre one makes us remember them so vividly, we are apt to grow morbid and exaggerate them. In the *tout ensemble* of a man or woman—dress, features and expression—we instantly draw inferences either for or against—pleasant or unpleasant. The surroundings speak for the tastes and habits of a person almost always, unerringly. The dress is a part of these, and the most important, we may say. Expensive dress is not essential. It is the color and fitness that give it character. Elegance and beauty consist in its tasteful arrangement, by contrasts or harmonies; and in accordance with our success, is the effect produced upon ourselves and those by whom we are surrounded.

Let us, then, try to look well—dress with taste; surround ourselves with pleasing objects—be happy ourselves, and make others as happy as we can.

A STRING TIED ROUND MY FINGER.

BY JOHN O. C. BRAINARD.

The bell that strikes the warning hour
Reminds me that I should not linger,
And winds around my heart its power
Tight as the string around my finger.

A sweet good-night I give, and then
Far from my thoughts I needs must fling her,
Who blessed that lovely evening when
She tied the string around my finger.

Lovely and virtuous, kind and fair,
A sweet-toned belle—oh, who shall sing her!
Of her let bellmen all beware
Who ties such strings around their finger!

What shall I do? I'll sit me down,
And in my leisure hours I'll sing her,
Who gave me neither smile nor power,
But tied a string around my finger.

Now may the quiet star-lit hours
Their gentlest dews and perfumes bring her,
And morning show its sweetest flowers
To her whose string is round my finger.

And nevermore may I forget
The spot where I so long did linger,
But watch another chance and get
Another string around my finger.

INITIALS.

BY VIOLET HASTINGS.

Maude was tired. She had walked rapidly after leaving the post-office, whither her father had asked her to go for his paper, and the sun was getting uncomfortably high in the cloudless summer sky. So, when she came to a cool, lovely spot in the strip of woods between the village and her father's house, she suddenly stopped, sat down by a great chestnut, and, taking off her broad-brimmed straw hat, began to fan herself with great vigor.

She was pretty enough as she sat there, her cheeks flushed far more than their wont, her dark eyes bright as diamonds, her dark hair, brushed simply back from her face, and held by a red ribbon, falling in heavy, shining masses upon her neck. It was a pretty spot, too, where almost every wild wood-flower loved to bloom, and cool green mosses made a clean soft carpet for tired feet or lazy limbs. But Maude did not seem to be sentimentally inclined, but fanned herself diligently, until her eye, roving idly among the nodding primroses, chanced to fall upon a small object lying in the edge of the path, not ten feet from her, which so aroused her interest, that she went and picked it up at once. It was a pocket memorandum-book, with leather cover—a very ordinary-looking article—but when she saw the name marked in India ink upon the cover, her cheeks grew redder still, and she turned it over and over in her hands, examining it as though it had been the most interesting object imaginable. It was Ralph Thorne's book, and Ralph Thorne's name was the only one that had ever called a blush to those pure cheeks.

It was very wrong, certainly, the next thing she did. But I do not think she meant any harm by it; she did it in such a gentle, tender way. That is, she opened the book, and glanced at the first leaf, and there she found something else—her own name—Maude Ellis—written in pencil. Then, here and there—in truth, all over the page, from top to bottom—the initials, M. E., and beside them, his own, R. T., both encircled by delicate penciled lines.

How the shy eyes widened unconsciously when she saw it, and what a happy light came into them! It was a little thing, but it was sweet confirmation to a sweet story that had been told her only a week ago. Not that the story needed confirmation—but when was true love, in its first glow and ardor, tired of receiving or giving proofs?

She was still looking at the page—still bending her head, with parted, smiling lips, and happy eyes—when a sudden sound caused her to look up, and there stood the owner, near enough to have taken the book from her hand, a fond, amused smile upon his face.

"Oh, Ralph!" she cried, dropping her eyes in an instant, while the hot blood rushed into her cheeks.

"Well, Maude, so you've been thieving, have you? Are you not afraid I will punish you?"

He took the book, and the trembling little hand that held it, and drew the drooping head to his shoulder.

They were still standing there ten minutes later, and Ralph was turning over the leaves of the little book, and making the shy eyes look again and again at the initials traced here and there—on the corners, on the edges, on the cover. And Maude did not tell him then, but she did afterward, of sundry letters faintly penciled upon scraps of paper in her writing-desk, or traced, more often, upon the window-pane, only to be rubbed out the next moment, lest some one should see. When they parted at last, Ralph kissed the recovered book, and said it was more precious than gold to him now.

Time passed on, and Maude was very happy in her love. Ralph was an ardent wooer, and his fine poetic fancy threw a fascination about their love, that drew all the chords of her sensitive nature to him. He was impatient for the marriage to take place, but Maude's parents were firm in their resolution to keep her with them for another year.

In the meantime, Maude went to the city to spend the winter with a former school-mate, Annie Bascom. It was her first visit to the city, and she enjoyed it with girlish ardor. But there were times when she would hide in her own room, and shed copious tears over the distracted epistles she received from Ralph, in which he portrayed, with agonizing intensity, the forlornness of his state during her absence. In one of his letters he mentioned that Hattie Percival had come home from school; in another, he wrote that he found her society very agreeable. "She reminds me so much of *you*," he said, "that I am not at all puzzled to divine the reason of her attraction for me." At which Maude smiled, thinking there was no man on earth whom she could liken to her king.

Toward the end of her stay, these letters became less frequent and shorter; but Maude's heart was all aglow with the thought of a speedy return to home and loved ones, and she was not disturbed to any great degree by this fact.

She returned home, and Ralph met her with the fondest welcome. She was so happy—so happy! It was so sweet to be at home again! It was so blissful to feel again the warm, familiar clasp of Ralph's hand, to feel his blue, eloquent eyes bent upon her, to listen with downcast, blushing face, while he told her how much lovelier she had grown!

It was the third morning after her arrival at home, that her dream was broken in upon by a trivial circumstance. Ralph had spent the evening before with her; and as she went about her morning duties, she smiled softly to herself, thinking of the sweet, silly things he had said, and recalling, as she dusted the piano, the low love-tones in his voice, as he bent over her while she sat playing with the keys. But a small bit of paper fluttered to the floor from some hiding-place, and she picked it up, idly wondering if it had fallen from Ralph's pocket. It was the torn fragment of an envelope, and it was scribbled all over with letters, which puzzled her at first. "H. P."—"H. P."—all over the paper—and there in the corner, a heart, with the letters H. P. and H. T. in monogram within it. Hattie Percival—it must be her initials; and it was certainly Ralph Thorne's chirography.

It was a little thing; but to Maude's delicate, sensitive nature, it was a shock to see those little, harmless-looking ciphers, pencilled by the hand she loved, and to recall the hour when the discovery of her own initials in the worn memorandum book, had sent such a thrill to her heart. It was a little thing; but oh, little things are so sacred in love's eyes!

She could give to herself no satisfactory reason, why it should hurt her so; why her heart grew sick with a pain that was hard to bear and be silent, as she looked out through the window, upon the early spring sunshine, wooing the young buds to life. But many things came back to her, little by little, as she sat there, learning the first bitter lesson of love's pain and distrust. It was not the first time she had been rudely startled by a fear that her idol was of coarser clay than she had dreamed, but she never had listened to the warning voice before. Often had she been forced to feel that his nature was less highly toned than her first dreams had pictured, but she never acknowledged it to herself. You will say that she was jealous—that was all. Well, have your own opinion; but to Maude it was something far more than a mere pique, or wounded feeling. She was a girl who looked far below the surface for the deep wells of feeling, the hidden springs of principle, that underlie all actions; and the question now to be solved was, the broad, the deep and stable, or the narrow, false and uncertain foundation of her lover's character. And silently, giving no signs of the pain at her heart, she set herself to study him, and to weigh this question.

The solution was forced upon her sooner than she had foreboded. She saw Ralph often in company with Hattie Percival; and she saw that he was, unconsciously to himself, giving her his thoughts, his glances—all, indeed, that he had once given her. He showed her some verses once that he had written for Hattie on her birthday. They were full of ardent praise, of warm esteem—almost of tenderness. But still they seemed in his eyes to mean nothing more than ordinary friendship. Well, he had written such lines for Maude herself; did they mean nothing more then? Alas, this was not the deep, unchanging, honorable nature that she had dreamed of as her ideal of excellence in man; the tender, sincere soul, that could shrine one woman of all the world in its depths, and thereafter give to none other the things that were made sacred by her using. Had she set up too high a standard? Be it so. But never could she accept a lower one. Yet oh! how she had loved him! how she loved him now.

The spring ripened into summer; the autumn would bring her wedding-day. And still she waited and hoped and suffered, but Ralph never knew it. Indeed, he was with Hattie now oftener than with Maude; and she said to herself at last, as she saw how his face brightened, and his whole being seemed to rouse beneath her influence, that he would be far happier with Hattie than with herself.

But she could not gather strength to tell him in words that he was free to choose where his heart prompted. She was worn out with the sore conflict, and she distrusted her own firmness. In this strait, she did what many another woman has done, to hide a breaking heart; she ran away. She was seized with a sudden whim to visit a sister who lived nearly a hundred miles away, on a backwoods farm. She wrote a letter to Ralph, asking him to consider himself no longer bound to her, giving no other explanation than that she was very sure it would be for his own happiness, as well as hers. "It will do no good to tell him my reason," she said to herself, hopelessly. "He would only misunderstand me. He would say that I was only jealous." And she shrank from the humiliation of appearing to him in the light in which she knew his mistaken vision would place her. She did not tell him that it was giving up all the brightness that life held out to her, to put him away from her; yet this was what she felt.

She left the letter to be given to him when she was gone, and went away, wishing that she might die before the first frosts touched the summer blossoms.

Did she act unwisely? Would she have done better to trust him more—to have made more generous allowance for what were, after all, only trifles, perhaps? She did not think so, in the end. For long before the roses came back to her cheeks, in her backwoods retreat, or the sharp pain ceased to tug at her heart, she heard of his marriage—not with Hattie Percival, but with another, who had soon healed the wound made by Hattie's rejection of him.

She meets him often, now, as she goes serenely on in her path of single life; a handsome, vivacious man in the fullest prime of life—a striking contrast to the faded woman, who, as his wife, receives a doubtful share of homage from society.

A good story is told in the schoolbooks of an artist who painted a beautiful picture, and placed it in a public situation, with an invitation to the public to mark, with a brush close by, any portion of the picture which more than another attracted their attention. The consequence was, that the picture was touched up from top to bottom by various people who had stopped to admire it, and who had indicated their preference in the manner designated. Then the artist gave another invitation to the public, to mark in the same way those portions of the picture which did not meet their approbation; and the picture was daubed from top to bottom, so that all semblance to the original idea was destroyed, and all that remained to gratify the eye was a senseless succession of dauls, resembling chaos. So the artist felt sad, and besought a learned friend of his for consolation. The sage advised him to take no notice of the latter expression of feeling on the part of the public; and only to remember that half of the world had admired his picture.

A NIGHT IN A LIFETIME.

BY A VIRGINIA LAWYER.

A fine summer day was drawing to a close as Mr. T., after dining with a brother-lawyer, mounted his horse to ride home. He had been entertained with the gentle and genial hospitality of the Old Dominion, and felt that agreeable stimulus of the animal spirits which follows in the train of a moderate dinner among congenial friends. He had delayed the moment of departure as long as possible, though the ride home was a long one, because he would have a full moon to light him on his way, and the air would be cooler after night-fall; so that it was with none but the most agreeable emotions he bade adieu to his friends, loosed the bridle of his horse, and turned into the road which led through the forest.

To a native sense of the beauty and excellence of Nature, Mr. T. added that refinement of taste, which is the result of careful mental culture, and a buoyancy of feeling which excess had never dulled. He enjoyed the serene silence of evening in the forest—the varied lights and shades on rock and tree and stream, and the peculiar air of majestic repose which Nature wears in the recesses of her woodland solitudes. The silence was interrupted only by the sound of his horse's feet over the even road, and the occasional note of a bird, or the croak of a frog—a prelude of the evening's concert. The scent of the evening air was delicious and refreshing, after the heat of the day. In short, so pleasurable were his emotions, that Mr. T. rode along at a very easy pace, and it was only when the rapid increase of the darkness warned him of the approach of night, that he began to urge his horse to a greater swiftness. Absorbed in pleasant thought, and shut out by the loftiness of the trees from any but a very partial view of the sky, he had not observed a heavy battalion of clouds, which, after lying lazily along the horizon for some hours, now began to lift themselves towards the zenith, and emit an occasional angry flash—sure token of a coming storm. It was indeed approaching with a rapidity which mocked every effort he could make to reach a place of shelter before its outburst. He rode rapidly, but each flash of lightning was followed by a nearer and nearer peal of thunder, and soon the darkness became intense, the wind began to rise and the rain to descend so heavily that our traveller was glad to remember he must now nearly have reached a large church, which stood on his homeward way, in the large, old-fashioned entrance to which he hoped to find a temporary shelter. With this view, he urged his horse to the utmost speed, and so violent did the tempest become, so close and incessant were the flashes of lightning, so heavy the rain, and so numerous the branches torn from the trees by the wind, that he began to feel no small anxiety to reach a place of safety.

At length the lightning showed the old church near at hand. He rode up to it, dismounted, and placing his horse so as to protect him as much as possible from the storm, entered the deep and spacious doorway. As he leaned for support against the heavy folding door, to his surprise it yielded to the pressure, he opened it and entered the church, glad to find himself in so secure a situation. He walked up the central aisle and sat down in one of the pews near the middle of the church.

It was not possible for a man of the sensibility and unaffected piety of Mr. T. to find himself alone, in such a situation, and amidst such a manifestation of Almighty power as this furious tempest afforded, not to feel some degree of solemnity and awe. He sat down, and gave way to the many solemn reflections called up by the scene and the hour. He thought of the many who had once worshiped there who were now lying in their last, long sleep in the churchyard without. Once, upon their beds of down, how slight an obstacle, how small a vexation had been sufficient to banish slumber. Now—all the artillery of heaven, all the pelting of the pitiless storm, moved them not a jot. Imagination called up many a form once as familiar as the pews and pillars of the old church known from infancy. In thought he strove to follow some of these into that strange realm. At this moment a slight noise, in a momentary lull of the tempest, made itself heard apparently behind and above him. It was not strange that at such a moment it sent a thrill of inexplicable emotion through his frame. In a moment the feeling passed away, and he turned, resolved to see, if possible, by the illumination of the next flash of lightning, what had caused the sound which had startled him. It came, broad, fierce, red, and revealed to him in the choir a form, a something that had life and motion, but shape so undefined, so hideous that, with involuntary terror, he covered his eyes with his hands.

The place, the hour, the darkness, interrupted only by the glare of the lightning—the sounds of the tempest raging without—the solitude and this vague consciousness of unsuspected companionship, had, it must be confessed, a powerful effect on the mind of a man naturally of the firmest courage, and nurtured in a society where cowardice is disgrace. A thousand wild conjectures rushed through his mind in that first momentary but irresistible onset of terror. Then his well-tutored reason and his resolute will contrived to make themselves heard over the tumult of undefined fears and crowding fancies. And, at length, that most powerful of all ideas to soothe the mind, entered with its elevating and consoling train. The thought of the great Being to whom that place was dedicated—of His serene supremacy above all the woe and tumult of earth, above all the forces of nature, and the spirit of man himself, gave him a degree of composure in his present situation, which, he afterwards owned, he should, without this aid, have wanted.

With restored calmness, he removed his hands from his eyes and looked up once more, hoping he had been the subject of some strange delusion of the senses. No—there; another flash showed it nearer, plainer than before—during those brief moments it had descended the gallery stair with unheard lightness and swiftness, and was soon on the same floor with himself. By this time the violence of the storm was somewhat abated. The flashes of lightning came at longer intervals. He had to wait some seconds, straining his eyes upon the darkness. The lightning came at last—dazzling and white—*it* showed nearer yet. Still undistinguishable, vague—a tangled mass of dark draperies and elf-like locks and white gleams of face and hands—human, and yet not—*what* was this? thus wild in form, thus stately in its approaches? Could it be indeed a being from another world? He listened, with ear strained to its utmost capacity, but there was no sound, except that of the storm without.

To leave the church and encounter all the fury of the elements without, now appeared to him as a blessed relief. But, to do so, he must pass this unearthly figure. Another flash of lightning, which showed his fearful companion so near as to be almost within reach, quickened his lingering resolution. With a sudden summons of all his remaining courage, he rushed from the spot on which he had hitherto stood rooted, ran with his utmost speed down the long aisle, and gave a long gasp of relief as he felt the damp night-air, and heard the door shut behind him. To untie the bridle of his horse was the work of a moment; he sprang into the saddle—at that very moment he heard the church door shut violently—the horse gave a wild leap—but a wilder one had landed the fearful form safe behind the rider, and his waist was clutched by arms which held it like an iron vice.

The horse, seeming to share the terror of his rider, reared and plunged, and then started forward at his greatest speed. He instinctively took the right road towards home, and went at such a rate as promised soon to terminate this terrible journey. With the strength of desperation, Mr. T. tried to undo the rigid clasp about his waist, but the feeling of hands cold as ice, and bony as those of a skeleton, was such an additional touch of horror, he dared not repeat the attempt. He spoke, and adjured his companion to tell its name and nature, but there was no answer, no movement, not even, as it seemed to him, the drawing of the breath; and thus they sped with wild swiftness through the dark forest path, illumined only by the fitful lightning. He could never afterwards give any clear account of his sensations during a ride which naturally seemed to him interminable. That he retained his reason and his life under the long-continued stress of such mortal terror, was a matter of surprise to himself and his friends. It was over at last. Home was at hand. He saw its friendly lights, and with a sense of relief and thankfulness never before experienced, he stopped at his own gate. It was opened by a faithful servant, who had sat up with the anxious wife of Mr. T. to await his return. But the frightened horse did not give Peter time even for an exclamation of surprise at seeing his master return thus accompanied—he shot past the gate, flew across the lawn, and only stopped finally at the hall-door, with a shock so sudden, as almost unseated both his riders.

The next day it was discovered that the companion of Mr. T.'s night-ride was an insane woman who had escaped from her keepers, and, after hiding in the woods, had taken refuge from the storm in the church just before he entered it. When Mr. T. discovered the real nature of the being who had caused him so much suffering, he was surprised at his own panic, and was willing to attribute it to an unaccountable depression of nervous energy, such as is sometimes experienced by those who boast the most robust physical and moral health.

LIVE WITHIN YOUR MEANS.

We don't like stinginess, we don't like economy, when it comes down to rags and starvation. We have no sympathy with the notion that the poor man should hitch himself to a post and stand still, while the rest of the world moves forward. It is no man's duty to deny himself every amusement, every recreation, every comfort, that he may get rich. It is no man's duty to make an iceberg of himself, to shut his eyes and ears to the sufferings of his fellows, and to deny himself the enjoyment that results from generous actions, merely that he may hoard wealth for his heirs to quarrel about. But there is an economy which is every man's duty, and which is especially commendable in the man who struggles with poverty—an economy which is consistent with happiness, and which must be practiced if the poor man would secure independence. It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty, to live within his means; not to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, we admit, and should never be taken into the account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured, when it can be, by the practice of economy and self-denial only to a tolerable extent. It should be secured, not so much for others to look upon, or to raise us in the estimation of others, as to secure the consciousness of independence; and the constant satisfaction which is derived from its acquirement and possession.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

It is the due admixture of romance and reality that best carries a man through life. The quality variously designated romance or enthusiasm, poetry or ideality, is not to be despised as the mere delusion of a heated brain; but is to be valued as an energy imparted to the human mind to prompt and sustain its noblest efforts. We would urge on the young especially, not that they should repress enthusiasm, but that they should cultivate and direct the feeling. Undisciplined romance deals in vague aspirations after something better and more beautiful than it has yet seen; but it is apt to turn in disgust from the thousand homely details and irksome efforts essential to the accomplishment of anything really good, to content itself with dreams of glorious impossibilities. Reality, priding itself on a steady plodding after a moderate tangible desideratum, laughs at the aimless and unprofitable visions of romance; "but the hand cannot say to the eye, I have no need of thee!" Where the two faculties are duly blended, reality pursues a straight rough path to a desirable and practicable result; while romance beguiles the road by pointing out its beauties, by bestowing a deep and practical conviction that even in this dark and material existence there may be found a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not—a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Truth, which is eternally the same, has nothing to fear from the operation of conflicting opinions. She lies upon her quiet bed, at the bottom of the sea, while the surface of the element that forms her gentle covering has, perchance, been agitated by many a naval conflict.

Men sometimes think they hate flattery, but they only hate the manner of it.

News of Interest

An Orange County farmer has been stabbing his cow in an ice-house to make her give ice-cream.

Since the opening of the pound in New York eighteen hundred canines have closed their earthly career within its four walls.

Taglioni, the queen of the ballet twenty years ago, is now said to be giving dancing lessons for a trifling sum at a lodging house in Soho Square, London.

Tomatoes were first used in this country as an edible in the year 1819, but they did not come into general use until more than twenty years subsequent to that date.

In speaking of some recent experiments, the London *Lancet* says: "On the whole it may safely be concluded that one or two dozen plants in a sleeping-room will not exhale enough carbonic acid by night to injure the sleepers."

A gentleman of poetic temperament and vivid imagination, describes the mosquitoes in a certain section of Minnesota, as "thicker than the surrounding foliage, with wings like Apollyon's, a beak like an Artesian auger, and a voice like the sound of many waters."

By a return just issued the area of London is 123 square miles. The river is crossed by seventeen bridges. The average daily supply of water is 514,269 metric tons. Last year the number of births was 121,000, and as the deaths were 75,654, the excess of births over deaths was 43,466, or 830 weekly.

It is said that a large quantity of the Burgundy drank in the East comes, not from the vineyards of the Loire, but from the Pacific slope. An exceedingly good Burgundy is produced in California, and there is no reason, except the prejudice in favor of the imported liquor, that it should not be sold for what it really is.

The Heat of the Moon.—The Earl of Rosse estimates the heat from the moon as the 80.000th part of that from the sun. Bonger's experiments give the brilliancy of the full moon as the 300.000th part of that of the sun; Wollaston gives it as the 80.172d; Zollner as from 618,000th to 619,000th; and Bond as the 470,088th. The maximum of the lunar heat appears to be a little before full moon.

The inordinate number of people killed by lightning within a few weeks revives discussion as to safety during thunder-storms. It is conceded that there is no place of absolute safety in a shower, for the electric fluid is erratic, and goes where it pleases. It is a wise precaution, however, to avoid currents of air, and to sit in the central portion of a room, away from parts on which the lightning may descend.

A Real Indian Warrior.—Cochise, the late chief of the Apaches, is credited with having slain twenty-seven Americans, four Apache Indians, three Germans, one Scotchman, two Englishmen, one Frenchman, and forty-nine Mexicans and half-breeds; in all eighty-seven persons. Cochise was no Tecumseh. He was simply a cunning and ferocious border monster. Contrary to the Scriptural declaration that they who use the sword shall perish by the sword, Cochise died a natural death. Of late years he has been friendly with the whites, Gen. Crook having given his tribe the choice of peace or annihilation.

A wonderful story of disinterestedness comes from down East, to the effect that, as a young lady was going aboard of a steamer at Portland on Wednesday last, she lost a gold locket from her neck and it fell into the water. A young man, who was standing near and saw the accident, took off his coat and dived for the locket, and though he did not succeed in getting it at first, persisted in his endeavors until he found the jewel. The girl's father offered the fellow a handsome reward, but he refused it. Only think of a young man taking all that trouble merely to save a lock of some other young fellow's hair for a girl to gush over.

The Saratoga papers give the following as a dinner-table feature adopted by some of the hotels at that resort: "At every plate the snow-white napkins, tastefully folded, are placed in the clear cut-glass goblets, and carefully disposed in every napkin is a beautiful little button-hole bouquet. These are intended for the guests, and are cheerfully appropriated. The effect, both while the bouquets embellish the napkins and after they have been transferred to the button-holes of the gentlemen's coats and to the bosoms of the ladies' dresses, is very pretty and pleasing. The Sunday bill of fare is handsomely illuminated, and, being so pretty, all of them are carried away from the tables as a sort of souvenir."

If the accounts of travelers may be relied on, Upper Burmah must be the very Utopia of the Crusaders' dreams. When a convivial gentleman of that country is discovered to have partaken enthusiastically of the cheerful cup, and to have been made merry therewith, he is immediately captured by the State Ministers. These worthies then parade him in an unpleasant fashion through the streets, proclaiming the crime at the street corners, and varying their proceedings by lashing him energetically with thongs. Then he is marched off to the high court, and, after receiving a still more severe whipping, is sent home. If he does it again, he undergoes the same graceful lesson, and is then banished from his country.

The "Council of Honor" is a new institution which is about to be established in Germany, for the purpose of deciding disputes between army officers. Regulations for the formation of these councils have just been promulgated at Berlin. Every officer who considers that his honor has been attacked by a comrade, is required to give information to one of these tribunals, and no duel can be had without its approval, and until every other effort at a solution of the difficulty has been exhausted. When a duel is permitted, the president of the council is to be present and see that it is properly conducted. Officers who engage in duels are not to be subject to criminal proceedings, unless there is a violation of the "rules of honor." The Emperor, according to a correspondent, declares that he will no more tolerate in the army an officer who wantonly attacks the honor of a comrade than an officer who does not know how to guard his own honor.

LITTLE GLUCK OF TREASURE VALLEY;

OR,

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

BY J. RUSKIN.

(Commenced in No. 1, Volume 54.)

CHAPTER VII.

MR. HANS' EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND THE RESULT THEREOF.

The King of the Golden River had hardly made his extraordinary exit, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over poor little Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they fell into a couple of chairs and requested to know again what had become of the gold plate they had given him to melt, and what he had to say for himself generally. Little Gluck told them his strange story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again until their arms were tired, and at last exhausted, they staggered off to bed. In the morning, however, after they had become sobered, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story seemed to obtain him some degree of belief on their part; the immediate consequence of which was that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question which of them should try his fortune first, seeing that but one could make the attempt, and being unable to settle amicably which should have precedence of the other, they in great rage drew their swords and began fighting.

The noise of the quarrel alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not settle the dispute and pacify them, sent for the constable. On the arrival of that officer, however, Hans contrived to escape, and hid himself, but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and having spent his last penny for drink the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay the fine.

When Hans heard this he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question—knowing, from the bad life he had led, that he could not obtain it the proper way; he slipped in to vespers in the evening for the first time, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took a large staff in his hand, and thus provided, set off for the mountains. On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked up, at one of the windows, whom should he see peeping out but Schwartz himself, and looking very disconsolate indeed.

"Good morning," said Hans, mockingly, "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back, marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for; but Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed on that alone, and forgetting the long distance he had to go, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of hills; and on surmounting which, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he was greatly surprised to find that a large and dangerous glacier lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He was soon compelled to abandon his basket, as it impeded his progress; and, after crossing the glacier with great difficulty, his way lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot or so much as a bush to give an inch of shade from the south sun, the rays of which, it being now past noon, beat down intensely upon the steep path. Intense thirst was soon added to the great fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of holy water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he. "I may at least cool my lips."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his mouth, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him. He thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry and its limbs extended, but its eyes eagerly followed the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He spurned the animal with his foot, drank, and passed on.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment, and the water, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. Another hour passed, and he again sought the flask at his side. It was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again as he did so something moved in his path. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its eyes closed, its breast heaving, and its lips parched and burning with thirst.

Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on, and as he did so a dark cloud passed over the sun and long snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain side. Hans struggled on; the goal he sought was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River scarce five hundred feet above him, and he sprang on to complete his task. At this moment a faint cry fell on his ear; he turned and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his thin arms out to Hans, and cried feebly. "Water! I am dying! Oh, pity! I am dying!"

"I have none for thee," replied Hans; "besides, thou hast had thy share of life," and he strode over the prostrate body and darted eagerly on.

And as he did so a flash of lightning shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark, with one heavy, impenetrable shade.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their gilded crests like tongues of fire; their sounds came mightier and mightier on Hans' senses; his brain grew dizzy with fear as there came a great peal which sounded like prolonged thunder.

Shuddering, he drew forth the flask, and hurled it into the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, missed his footing, gave an awful shriek and fell. The waters closed over his cry and silenced it forever, and the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it rushed over *a black stone*.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. SCHWARTZ'S EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED.

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans' return from the Golden River. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should now have all the gold to himself. But poor little Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house, nor money to buy any, so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together not only to buy all he needed, but to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it to the magistrate, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have a little of the river, but little Gluck only begged that he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now, when Schwartz heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and might have had something to do with Hans' failure to succeed in an expedition which promised such gain. So determining to manage matters better, he took some more of the money which little Gluck had worked so hard to save, and went to a dishonest custodian, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz, being very sure it was all right, got up early the next morning before the sun rose, and taking some bread and wine in a basket, and the water in a flask, set off for the mountains. Like Hans, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy.

As Schwartz climbed the steep rock-path the thirst came upon him as it had upon his brother, until he raised his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried piteously and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed!" said Schwartz, "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on.

And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black clouds rising out of the west, and when he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again. As he was about to sink, he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water, oh, so piteously.

"Water for you?" said Schwartz. "If you wait till you drink of this, you'll be older than you are now"—and on he went.

Then, again, the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and—behold! A mist of the color of blood had come over the sun, and the bank of black clouds had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea.

With the indomitable spirit of avarice, Schwartz walked on for another hour, and again his thirst returned, and, as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and as he gazed, in fear and astonishment, the figure stretched its arms to him and cried for water. But Schwartz remembered the mocking gestures of his brother, which he had witnessed from the prison bars, and his fear turned to rage and revenge.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Are you there, my boy?" and quoting Hans' own words: "Have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

"Water! water!" begged the figure.

"Water, indeed! So you suppose I carried it all the way up here for you?" and he strode on over the figure. Yet, as he passed, there seemed a strange expression of mocking about its lips.

When he had gone a little distance farther, he looked back, but the strange figure was not to be seen. And now, a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why, but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. The bank of black clouds grew larger, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between the flashes over the whole heavens; the sky, where the sun was setting, looked like a lake of blood, and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness.

Soon Schwartz stood on the brink of the Golden River, but its waves were black like thunder clouds, their foam was like fire, and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met, as he cast his flask into the stream. As he did so, the lighting glared in his eyes and blinded him, the earth gave way beneath him, and the river's moan rose wildly into the night, as it rushed over *two* black stones.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE man that laughs heartily is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; and you never know what a pleasant world you live in, until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

TRUTH is not always won by long and hard toil. A moment's insight is sometimes worth a life's experience.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Somewhere, they say, across the sea,
There is an unknown strand;
It waits for you and waits for me,
That unseen, far-off land.

Let's seek it! In some fairy bark
With wings of morning air,
We'll sail across the waters dark
And some day anchor there.

We'll anchor in the pleasant bay;
And, oh! what perfect peace,
If in that land so far away,
All cares and sorrows cease!

I've dreamed of that fair land, and yearned
To seek its balmy shores,
And many a time my eyes have turned
Yond where Life's ocean roars,

To catch some glimpse of sunny hills
Beyond the waters wide,
But though my soul with longing thrills,
All glimpses were denied.

Oh! come with me. The tide is in—
Its ebb shall bear us out,
Beyond the shores of doubt and sin,
To solve its vague, dim doubt.

PERSECUTED;

OR,

A BRAVE WOMAN'S TRIALS.

BY DR. CHARLES C. NORTHRUP.

[This serial was commenced in No. 51. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SECRET TOLD.

Mr. Thorne we are already acquainted with. The friend was a tall man, expensively dressed, yet wearing a profusion of jewels and bearing a striking resemblance to the Holt of previous mention, except that his whiskers were closely trimmed, and his heavy black hair was suffered to fall upon the left side of his forehead, almost into his eyes. His figure was without fault, and his face was handsome, while regular features and an expression which, though it might even repel one experienced in the intricate windings of human nature, would be very likely to fascinate and deceive a young, and especially a confiding, soul.

At the announcement of the servant Jennie involuntarily turned toward the door. Her gaze fell upon the stranger, and in an instant she looked like one stricken by some terrible blow. The stranger seemed to have eyes for no one and nothing in the large room but her.

"Cassie!" he cried, in deep, thrilling tones.

She did not move or speak.

"Your husband, Mrs. Hastings!" Bert Thorne said.

His words were unexceptionable, but a very devil of malice shown in his perfect blonde face.

"Hush!" said the other. "Let me speak for myself."

He then advanced toward her.

"Cassie, don't you know me?"

Still no word from the pale girl.

He dropped upon one knee, and lifting his white hand, blazing with diamonds, put back the heavy clustering hair, disclosing as he did so a cruel scar.

"Cassie, is it possible you have forgotten me?"

The snowy eyelids quivered, and she uttered a faint groan.

"Cassio," murmured the voice, which might have lured an angel to destruction, in accents of tender reproach, "is it thus you meet me after a separation of three long years? Have you not one word of welcome for me, my love, my wife?" and he clasped her cold fingers eagerly in his strong, warm palms.

His touch seemed to put new life into her palsied frame. She threw off his clasp as though it had been as light as a rose-leaf, and sprung from him into the middle of the large room. Here she paused, and stood erect and untrembling, supported by that strength that comes ever to true womanhood in its hour of sore need, and seems divine. Her gray eye, no longer vacant, shone with startling brilliancy; her lips, no longer rigid, turned red as the scarlet bloom that stains the inner surface of the salvia's flowers; her bosom rose and fell with regular and easy respiration; nor did look or action now betoken the weakness which had at first overcome her.

"You see that man," she said, casting a rapid glance around the amazed circle; "you hear what he says—that I am his wife! It is true. Now hear my story—my secret!" and she turned towards Mr. Trevor, "and judge between us as you will wish God to judge you in the terrible day that is yet to come!"

She stopped a moment. Not a sound disturbed the quiet of the place, not an eye turned from her beautiful face.

"Who I was," she continued, with a gesture of infinite pride, "it does not matter; I fastened a lasting disgrace upon the name I had borne when I linked myself with him! He was—you see what he is even now, after years of wickedness that would mar the fairest face! I was a child—he knew how to deal with such; he coveted the wealth I inherited, and he married me. The day that saw me a wife saw me worse than an orphan; I had disgraced my parents by my choice, and they disowned me. Still I was content, for I loved him. When he found I had not brought the gold he sought me for, he became cold and harsh; then I found he was all the fears of my friends had suspected him of being—a gambler and a libertine! He took me away into a strange city; he forced me to labor of which I had hardly ever even heard, and cursed me because I did it awkwardly; he left me for days alone without money; he beat, he abused me with every vile name under heaven—still I lived with him. But when he tried to force me into sin; when he attempted to make my face a lure to draw thoughtless souls to destruction; when he hired one of the most elegant houses in New Orleans, and fitted it up with every luxury to tempt the senses, and decked out my wretched face and form in robes and jewels fit for a queen to draw wealthy and ignorant young men there that he might cheat them of their money at cards, *then* I rebelled—then I said God could not think it my duty to remain longer with so polluted a thing. It was there that I first met him whom you know as Bert Thorne, then going by the name of Leon de Frotas. He was often at the accursed place—often enough to remember my poor person and recognize three years after in the house of his sainted mother. It is he who has brought this new trouble of disclosure upon a weak, friendless woman whom heaven had so long and so sorely chastened. God may forgive the creature he has made for his wicked persecution of one who never harmed him, who would even have saved him from the toil into which he had fallen if she could; and if He does, I may—after I am beyond my dying day!

"When I found I could no longer, in conscience, stay with him whom the law had constituted my protector, I left him and came north, where I have since supported myself by my present employment under the assumed name of Jennie Bond. I have not spread my story abroad, because I did not think it concerned any one but myself; and but a single consolation remained to my wrecked life—that of hiding my woes from the curious eyes of the great unjust world! That is my history—that the secret I have tried so hard to keep. If my silence has been a sin against man, it has been an unintentional one; if against One higher than man, I will ask him that I may be forgiven—even as I have need to forgive! But, whatever be the result," she added, in slower and still firmer accents than she had yet employed, "be it isolation, be it disgrace, be it torture, be it death, even, I will never, *never*, NEVER go back to that man again!"

She ceased speaking, and a brief silence followed; broken by Bert Thorne.

"You seem to forget that there is only your assertion for all this," he said, in his skillfully modulated tones, which always spoke such volumes of meaning more than his words. "Your husband has the law on his side, if he chooses to avail himself of it—which I should think he would be pretty likely to do under the circumstances!"

"There is no law under heaven can force this woman to live with this man!" said a strange voice, in accents low, but clear as the call of a silver trumpet.

So earnest had been the attention that Jennie Bond's recital had engendered that no one had remarked the addition of another to their number, and all turned, with a simultaneous exclamation of surprise, to the door, from which the words seemed to proceed, and upon the threshold of which a young man stood.

Bert Thorne and his friend were the only two to recognize him, this the latter did with a half audible oath, while Bert said, sharply:

"Eugene, you are out of your place!"

"Monsieur is wrong," was the reply. "He may not have looked to see me here, but it is the place I have been trying to attain for some weeks. Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present myself to you as Eugene Percival, *valet-de-chambre* to Mons. Bert Thorne," and raising his hat, with a grace that would have done credit to a chevalier of the old regime, he inclined his head first in the direction of Miss Samantha, and then towards the younger members of the party; having done which he advanced into the room, and stood within a few steps and directly in front of Jennie Bond.

"You are in desperate trouble, madam," he said, earnestly, but with perfect respect; "allow me to comfort you. This man who presents himself to claim you is an impostor! his name is Luke Holt. Will Hastings, your real husband, died on the 14th day of last November, in New Orleans!"

"Boy, you forget yourself!" cried Bert Thorne, colorless with emotion. "Be careful what you say!"

"I forget nothing," was the unmoved reply, "not even the one who is yet to be avenged!"

"But you shall not——"

"Be silent!" cried Mr. Trevor, sternly. "I am master here, Bert Thorne; the young man *shall* speak."

The valet acknowledged this permission with a low bow; then turning to Jennie he took her small hand in his own, which was scarcely larger.

"Permit me, madam," he said; and bending carried it to his moustached lips. And it was still holding the slender fingers of the agitated girl that he continued.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TABLES TURNED.

"I hold by the hand a lady who has been deeply wronged—deeply wronged!" he repeated, with strong emphasis. "To my knowledge, I have never had the honor of gazing upon her face before this hour, yet I know more of her, probably, than any one present, if he be excepted who has brought her to this miserable crisis. You have heard her words; my friends, she has told you the truth, but she has not told you all, because she has not the acquaintance with it. I will say what she has left unsaid, if you will listen. I have declared that the person claiming to be madam's husband is an impostor; I now inform you that he is here in the service of the one who introduced him to you—Mons. Bert Thorne! You will ask how I know this; I answer thus: I once played the part of eavesdropper; I heard this man Holt say a certain Will Hastings was killed in a gambling-hell quarrel in New Orleans. That information did not interest me; but when I heard what followed, my ears were no longer dull.

"'There's a girl down in —— county that I must have,' said he who was my master. 'I've tried fair means, and it didn't work; and now I must try foul! She's Will Hastings' wife—run away from him, you remember; she has been mighty pert with me, and I promised to be even with her. I meant to get word to Will where she was hiding up——; I knew I couldn't do a worse thing than that for her; Will is dead, so there's an end of that scheme; but I've got one in my head that's a sight better! You look enough like Will Hastings to be his double—except the scar he had on his head, and that's easy counterfeited. Now you just imagine yourself him, and I'll give you five thousand dollars in notes or gold!'

"'But what should I do that for? I don't want the girl.'

"'I don't expect you do; but I want her. You fool! can't you see anything? You go down to this Riverville where she is stopping (I'll go with you, in the part of conscientious informer, you know, ha, ha, ha!), assert your claim on her, in which you will be amply supported—for our righteous laws allow every man the possession of his own wife!—and when you get her nicely away, I'll just step in and take her off your hands; you have your cash instanter, and I have, first, my revenge, in her humiliation, and, secondly, my prize, in herself! There's a proposition for you. Now, what do you say?'

"'I say yes! Let's fill a glass to it!'

"Then they began to talk over what was to be done; what sort of dress should be worn; how the scar should be counterfeited; and the time at which the plan should be carried out. Then they separated."

"That's a mighty ingenious story of yours," exclaimed Holt, veiling his real perturbation under a tone of irony. "Perhaps you will show us how you support it."

"I will, monsieur."

And, relinquishing Jennie's hand, the valet drew from the breast-pocket of his coat two unsealed letters. Glancing at the superscription, he opened one of them, and read:

PHILADELPHIA, May —, 18—.

DEAR MURPHY:—If the "Lady Maud" is to be had for money, don't fail to get her for me. Also try what you can do in the matter of "Nash." He's beginning to show signs of breaking down. That isn't to be told, of course, to a possible purchaser. Let me hear from you at as early a day as possible.

Yours, BERT THORNE.

"There's nothing to interest you in that, you will say," he quietly remarked. "Now, listen once more." And unfolding the second letter, he again read:

PHILADELPHIA, May —, 18—.

MY DEAR ISABELLA:—So that other plan of mine did'nt work? Never mind, I've got one now that will. Keep up good heart, and you may yet be mistress of Riverville, for, in less than a month, by some means or other, Jennie Bond shall be out of it.

Truly, ——

"The character of the superscription on this letter is unlike that of the other, but its contents do not differ in that respect," said the valet, in the same unmoved tone; "and it is addressed to Miss Isabella Hill, Riverville, near Philadelphia. You can examine for yourself, monsieur," and, stepping forward, he handed them to Mr. Trevor. "They came into my possession on the same evening in which I heard the conversation I have related."

"In the arch fiend's name, who are you?" cried Bert Thorne.

"I shall have great pleasure in showing monsieur. But, first, I have one more word of explanation to give." He turned to Mr. Trevor. "Some weeks ago, a paper was given you by the young lady to whom one of these letters is addressed, calculated to injure in your estimation she whom you know as Jennie Bond?"

"Yes."

"The paper was shown to her by this young lady, in your presence, and she betrayed great agitation?"

"Yes."

"The reason of that was, because she thought she recognized in it the writing of her legal tyrant. She never had seen it before, as she said, nor was it what it seemed to be, but a skilful forgery, the work also of the man who had plotted her destruction, and presented by the woman, who desired it no less, that she might be your wife—the mistress of your fortune. Now, if you will allow me, monsieur, I will gratify my master's curiosity." And, having received the required permission, he walked swiftly from the drawing-room.

It seemed scarcely a moment since he left the agitated company, and not a word had been spoken, when he reappeared, but so changed in look, that, but for his dress, none would have recognized him as the same person. The heavy, black moustache was gone, and in its absence revealed an exquisite womanly mouth, red lips, parted over teeth like polished ivory; the shining raven hair no longer fell almost into the brilliant eyes, but around the low brow and glowing cheeks clustered a thick mass of changing auburn curls.

"Mademoiselle Rosine!" cried Bert Thorne. "Is it possible?"

A toss of the pretty head, and a smile, which no one who had frequented Dechampe's within the last month could forget, was part of his answer.

"The Mademoiselle Rosine who, concealed behind the screen in monsieur's parlor, on a certain evening, overheard the plot which Eugene Percival has just exposed! The Mademoiselle Rosine who, after monsieur had sought his sleeping apartment, on that same night, took from the mantel-shelf, where she had seen them placed, the letters by this Eugene Percival lately read, and who now stands ready to suffer therefor, if monsieur please. But, before he decides that question, let him look again."

She did not leave the room now. In the presence of all she put up her slender fingers to her head; when they came away they were full to overflowing with the warm-hued auburn hair. She poured some liquid, which she took from her pocket, upon her handkerchief, and pressed it to her face; when it was removed the lily hue was gone—so was the vivid crimson—and in the place of these, and in the place of the sunny ringlets, was a mass of hair, black as a November sky without moon or stars, and a skin, smooth as the creamy satin beauty loves, but tinted with the softest, most exquisite shade of olive.

Bert Thorne gazed upon her for a single moment, as one might gaze upon another rising from the grave, then, throwing up his hands as if to shut out the sight:

"Lucille!" he cried. "My God!" and, strong and hardened man though he was, fell senseless to the floor.

Swifter than a flash of light his beautiful victim flew to his side. She was on her knees—her arms were about him—his head was strained to her bosom—her hot lips showered kisses upon his pale blonde face.

"Oh, Bert!" she cried, in an agony of grief and remorse; "oh, my darling! I have killed you! This is what I have been working for—this is my revenge! Oh, my love, my life, my all, if I only had died! If I only had died on that dreadful day, when your coldness drove me mad! Look at me—look at me just once more! I have been crazed! I have not known what I was doing! Look at me once more, if it be to strike me dead with the anger of your eyes."

But he neither looked nor spoke. For all the animation there was in him, the woman he had so cruelly betrayed might have clasped a log in her tender arms.

CHAPTER XIX.

EVER HER TRUE FRIEND.

In the confusion attendant upon this scene the man Holt made his escape unheeded, and was never heard of at Riverville again.

Bert Thorne's exit was less pleasantly accomplished. Upon awaking to consciousness, the first object his bewildered gaze encountered was the stern face of his uncle, while the shrill voice of Miss Samantha, raised in the utterance of words anything but complimentary to himself, saluted his ear; and when, an hour subsequently, he took his departure, ill in body and shaken in mind—angry, weary, and humiliated—he went in possession of the knowledge that he carried with him the contempt of every member of the family—his grand-aunt not excepted (for Miss Trevor, be it said *en passant*, was, like a good many other people in this world, an excellent fair-weather friend, but far less faithful when the clouds begin to gather, and as little to be relied upon as a leaky umbrella in a storm). I do not know of any particular way in which he suffered in this life for his evil conduct. He married a wife his equal both in position and wealth; he became a father, a respected and influential citizen; but, in the midst of it all, he died! What then?

Miss Hill retired immediately to her chamber, covered with a confusion in which fear of still farther exposure and a curious kind of regret for her late scheming mingled, nor did she leave it again till the next morning, when she took the earliest passenger coach for Philadelphia. She was regularly brought into the *beau monde* the ensuing winter, and Miss Samantha bestowed the entrance party, dress and ornaments, as she had promised; but they were not given with much heartiness, and it is doubtful if they would have been given at all but for a strange compunction resulting from the remembrance of her own share in the wicked plot to ruin a noble and innocent woman which her god-like child had never revealed, bravely bearing half the blame when she was not in reality even the second culprit, and thus proving that there was more good in her, after all, than would have remained in most women educated as she had been, as I told you in the beginning. For a season or two she dressed, and danced, and deceived her part in the giddy world of fashion; then sacrificed herself on the altar of Mammon by a marriage with the Hon. Mr. Langworthy, a stupid politician, who had little beside his fortune to recommend him, and whose age was more than double her own, and after that dressed, and danced, and deceived even faster than before.

* * * * * *

In the most retired part of the broad piazza—down among the roses and the blooming vines—Jennie Bond sat alone. A honeysuckle spray, more capricious than its fellows, swung down towards her, tapping her fair cheeks with its scarlet and golden bells, and thereafter flinging its graceful length about her shapely shoulders, and a large gray moth, fluttering airily here and there, settled at length upon the white hands lying motionless in her lap, and folded its sober wings to rest.

A step by her side aroused her from the reverie into which she had fallen, and she turned, dislodging the vine and frightening away the timid insect, to meet Mr. Trevor.

"I have been looking everywhere for you," he said. "Will you permit me to share your seat?"

She made room for him and he sat down beside her, taking lightly, between both his own, the little soft hand upon which the gray moth had rested. It trembled just a little, as a bird who had been on a long and dangerous voyage might even after it had reached its nest, but it was not withdrawn, and his clasp grew firmer.

"Jennie," he said, in tones which he was not ashamed to let her see were not so steady as usual, "it is now no sin for me to say I love you. I do love you very dearly—far more than you can think, or I tell! Will you give the hand I hold—together with the richest gift you have it in your power to bestow—for my very own?"

"Oh, if it were only worth having!" she faltered, "if only it were *now* what it *once* was! But after what you have heard——"

"I more than ever desire it," was the interruption, in fond, eager accents, "that I may, if possible, make your future a compensation for all that is painful in the past. I ask but one thing—your affection. Jennie, will you trust it to me?"

She turned her face towards him, her king—as the flower turns towards its king, the sun—and let him find his answer there.

And when privileged by that answer, he had relinquished her pretty hand that he might wrap the lovely form in his strong, warm arms; and when the golden head lay upon the broad breast that was to be its resting-place till time for one or the other of them ceased to be, she told him, between shy smiles and happy tears, what she had not yet told him—her parents' name; and the story of her youth, so bright till the terrible hour when she lost both home and friends (as many another just as innocent and blessed has done) through the sad mistake of "loving not wisely, but too well."

Mr. Trevor allowed her to say all that was in her heart to say, without the interruption of a word or even a caress; but when she had quite finished, and raised her brown eyes to read his thoughts in his face, (as he had read his answer a while before in her's,) he bent his proud head, and gave her the first love-kiss he had ever left on a woman's lips.

"We will have them all back again, please God!" he said tenderly, "the home—the parents—the friends; that shall be our first effort, after my darling is an honored wife."

And he kept his word in that to her, as he has everything else since she clung to his arm at the altar, mingling her sweet tones with his deeper ones, in responses to the marriage vows.

* * * * * *

In the dens of poverty, and haunts of vice; in dwelling and hospital, where disease rages in its most loathsome and malignant form; wherever the deepest wretchedness is, either of mind or body, there may be seen, day after day, and night after night, a slender form, clad in robes of the deepest mourning; and a face, almost angelic in its beauty, framed in a snowy widow's cap.

That is Lucille.

The little ragged, miserable children know her, and the pompous millionaire knows her; and a more human look creeps into the white, pinched, wicked face, and the haughty head bends with something like reverence whenever she comes in its way.

The grief which has whitened her hair has whitened her soul as well. Her youthful sin is no longer a ghost, tracking her footsteps by daylight, and driving sleep from her pillow in the darkness. The path of duty is to her the path of honor, and she pursues it with cheerful heart, however rough or narrow it may be, thanking God in her daily prayers for the sorrow that brought her to this blessed work.

THE END.

WITHOUT the rich heart, wealth is but an ugly beggar.

VANITY is a strong drink that makes all the virtues stagger.

"WHEN UNADORNED ADORNED THE MOST."

BY SHELDON CHADWICK.

My darling needs no jewels bright
To deck her breast, or neck, or arm;
Their richest scintillating light
Would hinder more than aid each charm.
Let others pearls and diamonds wear,
But hers is a transcendant grace—
A mind adorned with honor rare,
And kindness beaming in her face.

'Tis in herself the jewel lies,
Where heaven's gifts, profusely shed,
Are mirrored in her loving eyes
And wreathed around her beauteous head.
Let others bask in borrowed rays,
My love wears Nature's diadem;
She needs no ornamental blaze—
Her heart outrivals every gem!

Her lips are rubies, warm and light,
That shield the heart when wrong is nigh;
Her eyes are sapphires, sparkling bright,
With promise of a cloudless sky.
The opal, mingled with the rose,
Upon her cheek in beauty dreams;
Two spotless pearls her bosom shows,
Where Faith and Love shed angel gleams.

Oh! if I might some jewel choose,
That gem the fabled charm should own
To make her every swain refuse,
And reign my bosom's queen alone.
But yet she hath a witchery fine
All Ophir's wealth could ne'er impart—
The yearnings of a soul divine,
The candor of a truthful heart.

THE EBONY CASKET;

OR,

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

[This serial was commenced in No. 46. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MISCHIEF.

It was nearly midnight when the newly-made husband and wife reached Shrublands.

However, long before the avenue gates were passed, Dora's neatly-gloved hand touched her companion's, and she said:

"Tell the driver, if he hears another carriage approaching, to draw back and remain in hiding, if possible, until it passes."

Philip gave vent to a low whistle.

"Why is that, my dear?"

"Never mind. You ought to know I do nothing without a reason. Please speak to the driver at once."

He did so, saying not another word.

The caution proved unnecessary, however. No rumble of other wheels than their own broke the deep stillness of the night; and Dora drew a long breath of relief when they had reached the house without encountering anybody.

Philip's cool assurance was marvellous. He helped his bride to alight, tucked her arm under his own, and led her up the steps.

"Here we are, my love," said he, airily, "home at last—your home and mine."

The words had a peculiar significance. Dora only closed her lips a trifle closer than they had been before. She comprehended, clearly enough, his object in speaking in that manner.

They entered the marble-paved hall, where Mr. Raymond's pets were sleeping the sleep of the innocent in their gilded cages. Here, a dim light was burning upon a table of inlaid wood.

Philip glanced all round, smiling quizzically.

"My respected father-in-law's museum," said he, lightly. "I've heard of it."

He advanced towards the drawing-room door, and laid his hand on the knob.

"Not there," whispered Dora, suddenly drawing back. "Papa is in that room. I can hear his step crossing the floor."

"Humph! What then? We've got to fall at his feet, and crave his forgiveness, like dutiful children. Why not have it over, at once?"

Dora was trembling. Her face looked even ghastlier than it had in the church.

"Not now," she answered, faintly. "I am not well enough to meet him now. Oh, come away!"

He yielded, smiling very graciously. The game was in his own hands, and he could afford to give up a point or two.

"Where, then, my charmer?"

She led him across the hall, into the library, which proved to be deserted, though a lamp still burned here as elsewhere. Some sudden burst of emotion nearly overpowered her as she crossed the threshold. She had scarcely strength enough to totter into the nearest alcove, where a velvet couch was placed.

"I'm faint!" she gasped.

Philip looked round the room for water or restoratives. He found only a vinaigrette upon the mantel. Dropping this into her lap, he asked, in a voice of real concern:

"Shall I ring for your maid?"

"No, no!"

She made a desperate effort to rally—to drive back that frightful pallor from her face.

It was partially successful. Heaving a deep sigh, she said, in a scarcely audible voice:

"I am better. Sit down. I shall be myself directly."

He smiled, drew nearer, and seated himself on the couch by her side.

"You see what a willing slave I am, Dora. I think we shall get on famously together, by-and-by."

"Oh, yes."

He shot her a swift, sidelong glance, as if something in the tone did not altogether please him.

"We will learn to love each other, and make a famous Darby and Joan."

"Oh, yes."

Still that same monosyllabic reply.

Philip's brow contracted. An expression in his bride's whole face, a light in her burning eyes, struck him very unpleasantly.

She looked thoughtful—distressed. Was she weighing her own probable future?

"There is wine in the next room," she said, rising suddenly. "Remain here. I will fetch some for us both."

Philip offered to go, but she resolutely shook her head, and moved toward the door with a slow, languid step, as if she had suddenly grown old.

The handsome villain waited, with a smile upon his lips, and a bright flash in his eyes, for Dora's return. He had taken a hurried survey of the apartment he was in, meanwhile.

"Costly books, statues, paintings! That must have cost a small fortune," he muttered. "Humph! Not so bad after all. Bernice may go to the—dickens. I wash my hands of her."

Dora came back at this instant, bringing a tiny tray, on which were two glasses and a decanter.

Setting down the tray, she poured the wine herself with a steady hand.

"Drink!" and she presented a glass to Philip.

He took it, glanced wonderingly into her white face, as if its pallor puzzled him, then raised the glass to his lips.

"Your health, fair bride," he said, gallantly. "May we live long and prosperous lives together."

For a breathless space Dora stood staring at him, fixed as stone, her breath almost gone. Then, crying out sharply, she sprang forward and dashed the glass to the floor.

"Poison!" she gasped. "For God's sake, don't drink it!"

Philip turned a shade paler. He glanced at Dora, then down at the shattered glass. A disagreeable smile curled his lip.

"What mean you?" he said. "You are quite tragic."

Dora had thrown herself on the couch. She was crying hysterically. All her firmness had given way.

"I meant to kill you," she shuddered, answering his questioning look rather than the words, "I could not bear to think of the chains that bound me—kept me away from Jasper! Oh! forgive me, I was mad!"

"Humph! You were, indeed," muttered Philip, wickedly.

Then a silence fell. She raised herself after a little, and looked steadily into his dark and lowering face.

"I know of what you are thinking," and her voice sounded calm enough now. "You are mentally designating me a blood-thirsty wretch, in whose hands your life will always be endangered. But you are wrong there. I hadn't the courage to murder you just now. I never should have; rest assured of that. See, I submit; I shall struggle against fate no longer. I accept my destiny."

"It is well," he answered, between his teeth.

"You still distrust me. You should not. You and I have need of each other. Let us not refuse to be friends. You can afford to forgive the freak of a mad moment, which was repented at once."

"Such freaks might cost me my life."

Despite his dogged tone she held out her hand to him. He took it after a brief hesitation, during which he was glaring fixedly at her, and, leaning forward, suddenly kissed her lips.

"I believe you mean it," he muttered. "Your face looks honest. But it will be at *your* risk if any more of those mad freaks occur."

Dora did not quail under the angry menace of his regard. She *did* mean to deal honestly with him. It was best—the only safe way. Whatever fond dreams she had cherished—and we all dream more or less—could be given up. It is the way of the world—disappointment and heart-break. She must accept her share of the pain without a murmur.

A hasty step crossed the hall before another word was uttered. The door opened slowly, and Mr. Raymond came in.

He gave a start of well-simulated surprise on seeing who were the occupants of the room. Of course it was acting. He knew very well his daughter's scheme for substituting herself in Bernice's place when Layton came for her to be married that night. But he did not know how it had resulted. He had no suspicion of treachery on the other side.

"You?" he ejaculated, staring hard at the two. "I thought I heard voices in here. Perhaps it was you who drove up in a carriage a short time since?"

"Yes," nodded Phil, coolly accepting the situation.

Mr. Raymond drew back a few steps, rubbing his moist palms briskly.

"It is very late," he said, shaking his head in gentle reproof. "You are imprudent, Dora; you should not have remained out so late."

She did not answer his insinuating smile. Looking up at him, white and calm, she said:

"Act out your natural self, papa. It is too late for shamming. Hereafter, we must have no secrets from Mr. Layton."

He looked shocked, dumbfounded. "My *dear* child," he stammered; "what can you mean?" and he gave her a warning frown, which she did not heed.

"Simply that you knew very well we were here—where we had been, and nearly everything we could tell you."

Mr. Raymond turned a shade paler.

"You deal in mysteries, Dora," he said. "I never heard such wild language from your lips."

"Bah!" ejaculated Dora; and Phil laughed.

"We have been outwitted, papa," said the former, after a little pause. "We meant to outwit that poor little Bernice, and have fallen into a trap of our own setting."

Mr. Raymond recoiled. He knew Dora well enough to be sure she would not speak in that manner without a cause—thus openly betraying their cherished secrets.

"Speak out," he cried, apprehensively. "Did Mr. Layton discover the——"

"The imposture? No. We are married fast enough, if that is what you wish to know," and she broke into a discordant laugh.

"What then?"

"This man is not Jasper Layton!"

He echoed her words as though he believed she must be going mad.

"Who is he?"

"Jasper's twin brother, Philip."

Mr. Raymond reeled, and caught at the back of a chair. A fearful oath broke from his lips. His face grew livid.

"I—I—do not comprehend you," he stammered.

Dora told him briefly what had occurred. He stood staring at her and drinking in every word; but not a muscle of his face changed until her voice had died away into silence.

"You villain!" he roared then, striding up to Philip, his fist shaking wildly in the air. "You d—d villain! How dared you?"

The first answer was a low sneering laugh.

"Take care, sir," said the young man, threateningly. "I don't like to be called names. Your daughter is my wife fast enough, and I hope you will make the best of it."

"I'll kill you!"

"Oh, no, you will not. You were ready enough for her to marry Jasper. Why am I not as good as my brother?"

"You?" The emphasis was insulting. "You've squandered away your own fortune, and are trying to wheedle Jasper's from him! Don't think I don't know the reputation you have gained! I do know it perfectly. Oh, you miscreant!"

"Softly," said Philip, with a quiet smile. "Please bear in mind that this miscreant, gambler, cheat, is your son-in-law."

"Yes," said Dora, interposing, "he is my husband."

Mr. Raymond turned upon her furiously.

"Do you take issue with him?" he snarled. "No matter. It shall not avail him. He shall leave this house this instant, or be kicked out of the door."

"I shall not leave the house until it suits my pleasure, dear father-in-law."

The two men faced each other furiously. Each braced himself, instinctively for a struggle; but Dora, with a low cry, threw herself between them.

"Back! she exclaimed. "Be friends, for my sake, papa, it is ruin if you send this man away from Shrublands! Don't do it. He knows everything."

Mr. Raymond staggered back, as if from a blow. A cold perspiration broke out on his forehead.

"Knows everything?" he echoed, incredulously.

A faint smile, and a nod, was Dora's only answer.

A silence fell. Mr. Raymond dropped his face into his hands. He sat with it hidden many minutes, as if to gain time for reflection.

"Forgive me," he said at last, quite blandly, looking up at Philip. "I see the case clearer than I did. We had better be united."

"My opinion," returned the adventurer, coolly.

When they drew close together, and sat talking earnestly far into the small hours of the morning.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DAWN OF DISTRUST.

The second day subsequent to the events we have just recorded, there came an unexpected, and for some reasons, unwelcome, visitor to Shrublands.

It was Mr. Lasalle, the wealthy mill-owner.

At one time, before she had met Jasper Layton, Dora had been very cordial to Mr. Lasalle, and had wasted any number of ravishing smiles upon him. He was rich, and she had never then known the mad delirium of love; she would have married him gladly, had he given her the opportunity.

But all this was over now. Not only had he shown himself proof against her wiles, but he had even had the bad taste to prefer his rival, and lose his heart to Bernice. Of course Dora did not cherish the pleasantest of sentiments towards him; though she *had* been his guest so long.

She was sitting in the drawing-room when he drove up, and saw him from the window.

She ran out into the hall, where Mr. Raymond was feeding his pets with bonbons. "Papa," she cried, in a hurried voice, "Mr. Lasalle has come!"

Mr. Raymond bit his lip.

"What can he be wanting here?" he said, though he knew very well. "I hope he does not intend returning your visit."

"He has come to see Bernice," Dora answered, sharply. "I don't see what you will tell him. I warn you to be careful, for he is no fool."

"Humph! Leave me to manage him."

"Gladly." Dora swung round, and ran up the stairs. "I can't see him," she called back, "and I won't, unless it is absolutely necessary."

Mr. Raymond kept on with his work, softly humming an operatic air as he did so. When the bell rung, he answered the summons himself, instead of waiting for a servant.

"Delighted!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand to the tall, quivering figure on the steps. "Let me welcome you to Shrublands. I do hope you are come to stay."

He glanced sharply at Mr. Lasalle, while speaking, and saw that the mill-owner looked confused—troubled.

"No," was the answer, in an unsteady voice. "I—I—came to see Miss Vance."

"Bernice?"

"Of course. The—the—fact is," he stammered, "I've had wretched dreams about her. I hope she is quite well, and safe?"

"Oh, yes, indeed—at least, I hope so!"

"Don't mind me," said Mr. Lasalle, making but a pitiful attempt to hide his agitation. "I am fond of Bernice, and—and—you know the perils through which she has passed. They make me fearful, perhaps. At any rate, I couldn't rest without coming here to see that she is safe."

Mr. Raymond was rubbing his hands; he was smiling his best; but his heart beat furiously.

"Who would dare to molest the poor dear while she is in my house? Nobody, Mr. Lasalle. I'd like to see them! Humph! I would, indeed!"

"Then she *is* here?" eagerly. "Will you please call her down, for me to speak a word to her?"

"Sorry, sir. But Bernice has gone away."

Mr. Lasalle echoed the words. He stared blandly into the villain's smiling face, something dark and menacing coming into his black eyes. It was evident he had not the most perfect confidence in Mr. Raymond.

"Gone!" he said again. "Where! Out with it, for I will know."

"Don't get violent, I beg. Miss Vance accompanied my wife on a visit to some friends, who live higher up the river. She went away yesterday."

Mr. Lasalle glanced sharply into that smooth, lying face, and evidently tried to dismiss the fears that beset him.

"When will she return?" he asked.

"This day week, I suppose."

"Thank you. I will come again, when she is here."

Turning, he passed slowly down the steps, muttering to himself:

"What an idiot I am! A dream, in which I saw Bernice surrounded by deadly enemies, who sought her life, brought me all the way from Millbrook. Bah! The girl is well enough. I'm growing superstitious."

Low as the words of the soliloquy were spoken, Mr. Raymond caught him.

"The jackass has been dreaming—has he?" he said, to himself with a wicked smile. "Humph! Another time he had better dream to some purpose."

And having watched, from an upper window, until Mr. Lasalle had driven down the avenue out of sight, he turned, chuckling, away.

A half hour later, one of the maids came upstairs with a card for Dora. "Mr. Layton is in the drawing-room, miss," said she, "and wishes to see you."

Dora's face paled. Of course, it was Jasper. Philip would have sent no such message. Though the marriage had not been publicly proclaimed, as yet, he was making himself very much at home at Shrublands.

But Jasper was quite a different person; and Dora's heart *did* beat faster than its wont as she made a hasty toilet, preparatory to going down stairs.

"It must all come out, sooner or later," she thought. "I can't be the wife of two men at the same time. Jasper must be told, and I'll tell him to-day."

She clenched her white hands, with a vicious look in her eyes. Even now she felt like throttling Philip, sometimes, when she thought how irretrievably he had ruined the brightest dreams of her life.

Not but that she meant to make the best of the situation. It is hard, though, to be rudely awakened from one's first love dream, and to feel that there can be no blissful reality in this life.

Dora was cold and proud looking as a Zenobia, however, when she entered the drawing-room a few minutes later. Jasper—for he it was, indeed—rose to meet her, not like a lover, but with a certain air of constraint.

"My dear Dora," said he, "it seems an age since I saw you the last time—three whole days, is it not?"

She silently motioned him to a seat. His tone nettled her. It said, quite as bluntly as words could have done, that he had no real love for her, and found it quite difficult to keep up the farce.

"I suppose you have been pining for my society," she said, bitterly, after a brief silence. "You could not have existed any longer without seeing me?"

He colored.

"At least I am glad to meet you again."

"Bah! I'm glad you did not lie to me. I should have ceased to respect you, if you had."

Jasper stared at her. That cold, hard face perplexed him. He could not guess what a Vesuvius of passion was hidden underneath it.

"Your visit was really to Bernice Vance—not to me," she went on, haughtily. "Attempt no denial. I can bear the truth, if I *am* your betrothed wife."

The young man's face grew purple, and then blanched to ghastly whiteness.

"Dora," said he, coldly, "are you aware what you are saying?"

"Perfectly. I've seen the way your heart was going, all the while. Perhaps you were not to blame—I do not say you were. Love is a mystery. No matter. I wish you joy with Bernice—when you get her."

With a strange, proud smile upon her lips, she turned slowly away.

Jasper ran after her. He caught her hand, clasping it tightly in his own.

"Dora," he cried, "what do you mean by this outbreak. Do you think I have no honor, no manliness? My word is plighted to you, and I will keep it."

The words cost him a pang, but he spoke them bravely. Dora was touched, in spite of herself. Her lips began to quiver, she was dangerously near losing all control over herself.

Fortunately, she did not. Looking steadfastly at him, a moment, she said, in a voice not her own:

"It is too late for the sacrifice. Thank you all the same for your good intentions; but I am a married woman."

Was it sarcasm that pointed her words, or did she not stop to weigh them?

Jasper recoiled, as from a blow.

"Married?" he gasped. "You! Impossible?"

A bitter smile curled Dora's lip.

"It is true," she said, abruptly. "For two days I have been the wife of your brother, Philip Layton."

An irrepressible cry broke from Jasper's lips. He still looked a ghost, and his strong hands trembled.

"Philip's wife?" he echoed. "I know better! You are playing with me—perhaps mean to punish me for daring to love another woman. Philip does not know you."

It seemed perfectly incredible. Jasper did not, could not believe her strange story.

"Ask him!" she said, sneering. "Ask your handsome brother. I do not think he will deny me."

Snatching her fingers from his clasp, she moved towards the door again. With her hand on the knob, she glanced back to say haughtily:

"I suppose you will now be frantic to see Bernice, and tell her the good news. It is the way with lovers. But you must be patient. She is not here. She has gone away with mamma to visit some friends. Adieu. It will do you no good to come to Shrublands again for a week. At the end of that time, I suppose Bernice will be here to receive you with open arms."

Then abruptly she left him, offering no explanation other than we have recorded, giving no words of comfort.

Jasper stood stunned, bewildered, for many minutes. At last, like one walking in a dream, he went slowly from the room.

Patty Glint was in the hall, cleaning the cages. She glanced up at Jasper as he passed, in a sly, malicious way, that was enough to freeze one's blood. But she did not speak, though chuckling audibly.

Down the steps, into the cool, balmy air, walked the young man. At some distance from the house he turned to look back. As he did so, a woman's face was drawn quickly back from an upper window.

He saw it distinctly for a moment. Did he dream? Or was it really the face of Mrs. Raymond?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MORALITY.

Most men are not so dead to moral principles but what they feel a spontaneous glow of admiration for the man who does right because it is right, no matter if he does make less money by it. Some few men say he was a fool or a lunatic not to make the most of his advantage, right or wrong; but the heart of many is loyal to rectitude. We look and admire, and praise. We cannot help it. He who in a selfish, covetous age, when all men are fighting and scrambling for money, stands up strong in his integrity, and modestly does the thing—not that is legal, not that is expected, not that is customary, not that is as others do, or as many preach, but does the thing which is right—such a man is worthy of all imitation. If the heavenly minded are few in the world, are not the righteous few likewise? A moral character that is genuine is seen as rarely as Diogenes' man, when hunted for with a lantern at noonday.

GERTRUDE.

BY S. Z. P.

Gertrude became blind while so young that when she reached womanhood she possessed no recollection of visible forms. But the beneficent laws of compensation rendered her remaining senses doubly active. This is a beautiful provision of Nature. Blessed with affluent friends, who spared no pains in educating her, she was adorned with all the female accomplishments. She was a musician, an author and an elocutionist. As the latter she had but few superiors. Her favorite recitation was Addison's "Immortality of the Soul;" none who ever heard it could forget that shower of eloquence.

Gertrude, indeed, with one exception, possessed all that is essential to happiness. Another such a lovely face I never saw; there was an angelic expression beaming from those clouded orbs, and every lineament was stamped with beauty. With the eye of remembrance I still see her, as once she stood before her window weeping her unfortunate lot. The sun just then bursting from his curtain of clouds, warmed and illuminated her cheek. She threw back her curls, and lo! the tear-drops glittered. She then knelt and praised God for all his mercies. She prayed for the time when she might see the beauties of the better land, and bask in the fields of uncreated light. The sinless girl arose with an air of resignation, and sitting down before her piano, played one of those sweet melodies so soothing to the soul of the weary.

Before that year was past a skilful oculist removed the white films from her eyes, leaving her in a darkened chamber with instructions for a gradual admission of light. Her heart now beat high with hope. She soon distinguished objects in the room. But when she first beheld her father, mother and sister, her joy was without bounds; what love, happiness and gratitude!

When her eyes grew stronger it was my delightful task to lead her to the window to view for the first time the works of Nature. It was a beautiful morning; the trees were white with blossoms; the landscape was one of uncommon beauty. In the valley, flowing in majesty, was the river, and yonder was the mountain with its crown of clouds now illuminated by the rising sun. I raised the curtain, and as her eyes glanced over I shall never forget that wild scream of joy. She had never before so fully appreciated the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed.

On the evening of the same day she was allowed to view the starry heavens. She continued gazing with wonder. Her feelings were indescribable—she spoke not. The literal fact exceeded the highest flight of her imagination. At last, falling in nervous spasms, she was carried to her couch, perfectly overcome with the splendor of the scene. When she recovered, she said: "The reality surpasses my brightest, wildest and loveliest dream." And again she repeated, "He marked out their paths with His finger."

But Gertrude was too pure for this world. She lived only five years after this event. When about to "pass over," not a doubt dimmed her faith. The thread was gently severed, and she was free.

HOW CHROMOS ARE MADE.

Probably very few, even of those persons who are well informed, have a correct conception of the various processes by which those wonders of modern imitative art, popularly known as chromos, are gradually developed, step by step, to a perfection which defies discrimination in comparing with the original. The picture to be copied is covered with a transparent sheet of oiled paper, on which a tracing of every outline is made. The outline is then transferred to a lithographic stone, known as the "key." A number of plates, equal to the number of tints desired, is next prepared, and the impression from the key is printed on each. With the original before him, the artist fills in with a crayon such portions of the outline on each plate as he wishes to have reproduced the particular shade assigned to it.

The untouched portions of the plate are then covered with a peculiar preparation, and a galvanic bath, nicely governed, does the work of an engraver, but does it as no engraver could possibly do it—true to a hair, and finer, if necessary, than the naked eye can discover. Each plate is printed in its turn on the paper, and every impression must be so adjusted to its predecessors that there shall not be the slightest variation.

When it is considered that as many as twenty or thirty plates are often required—that some portions of a tint are preserved pure to the end, while others are covered and affected by one or all succeeding impressions—the marvelous skill and knowledge of various combinations of color required of an artist who essays to lay out and complete the plates of a chromo, may be faintly imagined by those who see and admire the splendid results of his labors.

MINOR MORALS.

There is a sphere in men's lives into which they are accustomed to sweep a whole multitude of petty faults without judging them, without condemning them, and without attempting to correct them. There is a realm of moral moths for almost all of us. We all hold ourselves unaccountable for major morals, but there is a realm of minor morals where we scarcely suppose ethics to enter. There are thousands and thousands of little untruths that hum, and buzz, and sting in society, which are too small to be brushed or driven away. They are in the looks; they are in the inflections and tones of the voice; they are in the actions; they are in the reflections, rather than in direct images that are presented. They are methods of producing impressions that are wrong, though every means by which they are produced is strictly right. There is a way of serving that which is wrong while you are prepared to show that everything that you say and do is right. There are little unfairnesses between man and man, and companion and companion, that are said to be minor matters, and that are small things; there are little unjust judgments and detractions; there are slight indulgences of the appetites; there are petty violations of conscience; there are ten thousand of these plays of the passions in men which are called foibles or weaknesses, but which eat like moths. They take away the temper; they take away the magnanimity and generosity; they take from the soul its enamel and its polish.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

AN ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

(From "Little One," Hagerstown, Maryland.)

I am composed of 86 letters.

My 1, 20, 62, 12, 34, 25, 44, 18, 40, 50, 23, 10 was an Athenian general.

My 2, 37, 16, 37, 9, 29, 77, 80, 42, 10 was a Roman orator.

My 3, 78, 31, 46, 76, 81, 38, 14, 53, 51, 32 was a famous Theban warrior.

My 10, 15, 24, 74, 85, 52, 47, 84, 21, 86, 42, 10 was a king of Assyria.

My 7, 50, 52, 28, 13, 40, 12 was where King William of Scotland was taken prisoner.

My 26, 33, 42, 59, 17, 75, 13, 53, 5, 25 was a Greek historian.

My 42, 46, 7, 35, 58, 15 was one of the Muses.

My 61, 66, 11, 21 was the wife of Saturn.

My 53, 9, 42, 70, 15, 8, 83, 65, 43 was the son of Prometheus.

My 51, 43, 53, 61, 11, 56 led the Hungarian band to the Fifth Crusade.

My 45, 72, 43, 29, 27, 78, 53, 83, 41 was the name the Indians called De La Barre.

My 11, 42, 71, 40, 74, 34, 82, 23 was the wife of Orpheus.

My 63, 9, 44, 42, 79, 13, 7 was the mother of Coriolanus.

My 9, 78, 13, 84, 57, 15, 67, 34, 42, 25 was a bishop of Salinis.

My 73, 58, 40, 72, 68, 21, 59, 60, 42, 32 was the father of Aristotle.

My 13, 53, 6, 59, 14 was the son of Apollo and Asteria.

CHARADES.

1. My *first* is a globe, my *next* is a fish, and my *whole* is a bird.

2. My *first* is a portion, my *next's* on the top of a house, and my *whole* is a bird.

3. My *first* means equal, my *next's* to decay, and my *whole* is a bird.

4. My *first* is an animal, my *second* a shred, and my *whole* is a flower.

5. My *first* may be seen in a book, my *next* is an insect, and my *whole* is a show or display.

6. My *first* is a part of your face, my *second* a letter, and my *whole* is used at breakfast, dinner and tea.

7. My *first* is a woman, my *second* a man, and my *whole* is a man.

8. My *first* may be seen in a field, my *next* is a measure, and my *whole* is a bird.

9. If you touch me, take care of my sting—transpose me, and beware of my claws—behead me, and I am more venomous still—cut off my tail, and I cease to be.

10.

So viewless am I,
So boundless I fly,
Restless, scarce ever reposing;
A kiss on the cheek
Of my *second* I take;
Such is my *first* I'm disclosing.

And now I will tell,
When forth from the well
Th' pure sparkling water they're raising,
My *whole* gives its aid
To the buxom young maid,
As she twines, their beauty they're praising.

FLOWER PUZZLE.

Just take three O's, two R's, and three D's,
Two N's, and one H, and then at your ease
Put them together, first adding one E,
And then, if you can, send the answer to me.

NUMBERED CHARADE.

I consist of 8 letters.
My 6, 2, 1 is part of a pig.
My 4, 5, 8 is a human being.
My 3, 2, 8, 8, 7, 8 is used in warfare.
My *whole* is the surname of a French general.

ENIGMAS.

1.

I'm sure there is nothing so fickle as I,
So changeable and so uncertain;
I'm pleasant and dreary, I'm both wet and dry,
And oft cover the earth with a curtain.

I'm blusterous and windy, oft kick up a shindy;
Man's futile resistance I scorn;
My anger disarming, I'm pleasant and charming,
As quiet as a babe newly born.

I have the misfortune to please seldom ever,
I'm either too cold or too hot;
If mortals could change me to suit their caprice,
I think none would envy my lot.

2.

I serve the dead, the dead serve me;
Without the dead, dead I should be,
Unless I turned from things so mute,
To some more lucrative pursuit;
For by the dead alone I live,
And death doth me existence give;
So death, you see, doth me befriend—
My foe he'll be, though, in the end.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Who was the son of nobody?

2. What is the difference between a man averse to reckoning and the old woman that kissed her cow?

3. Why is your lady love like a hinge?

4. If a boy tread upon your foot, what musical instrument would you name?

5. Why is Berlin the most dissipated city in the world?

6. When is a chair like a lady's dress?

7. When is a soldier not half a soldier?

8. What flower would be the best to keep a secret in?

A RIDDLE.

Take two "If's" and you have my middle; take *one* vowel only and place it on *each* side of them; if, then, you give me a head and tail, I am never present.

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 3, Vol. 54.

ENIGMAS.—1. Glass. 2. Wind. 3. The Boudoir.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—Girl, 23; Man, 26.

RIDDLE.—Letter M.

MYTHOLOGICAL CHARADE.—Pen-Elope.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. When he is a spark and carries a flame in his bosom. 2. Because there are more of them. 3. When he is filling up his trunk.

FACETIÆ

MISERY—Pleasure at the summer resorts.

A PLAGUE has cleared Kansas city of cats.

CHICAGO is now called "Cremation City."

THE SWEET ORD OF LINE—The honey-*moon*.

A WEATHER REPORTER—A clap of thunder.

THE best thing to take before singing—Breath.

LAZINESS begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

THE most difficult ascent—Getting up a subscription.

NEW ORLEANS has a rat that walks upon a telegraph wire every night.

A MEMPHIS paper defines advertising to be a "blister which draws trade."

ALTHOUGH a woman's age is undeniably her own, she does not *own* it.

AKRON is the Ohio city that sets the example of excluding organ-grinders.

A GOOD way to dispel darkness from about you is to make *light* of your troubles.

VAIN WISH.—A youth was recently married to a girl who had refused him eighteen times. He wishes now he hadn't asked her but seventeen.

REPAIRS AND DAMAGES.—"What are you going to do?" asked a man of his friend, who had been injured in a railway accident.

"I am first going in for repairs, and then for damages," was the reply.

A MEDICAL advertisement is headed: "Looks like a Miracle! A Young Man Made to Walk in Five Minutes!" But Augustus thinks that is no great miracle compared to his experience the other evening when he went to see his girl. The old man came in and made him walk in less than one minute.

SIMPLE, without being sickishly sentimental, was the form of a marriage service in a town in Iowa the other day. This was the way of it:

"Join your right hands. Do you want one another?"

They both answer, "Yes."

"Well, then, *have* one another. You're man and wife."

"MY dear, where is my Morning and Evening Devotion?" asked Mr. Paul Partington—meaning a small book with that title, in which he sometimes read.

"Here it is," said Mrs. Partington, producing from the closet a dark bottle, and setting it on the table with a clean glass. "Here it is, Paul."

He looked intently into her face to see if malice were actuating her; but he found all there calmly serene. He would not destroy the pleasure of her satisfaction in having thus obliged him, so he refrained from explanation, and partook.

"WELL, Missus, I's going to leave you," said Molly to her mistress, whom she had lived and grown fat with for a good many years.

"Going to leave me, Molly? Why, where are you going?"

"Oh, I's going to get married; I've worked long enough, and I's going to rest my bones."

Of course, Mrs. Jones could make no objection to this common and natural female frailty. So Molly went, and nothing was heard of her for a year or two, when she came back, poor and emaciated, having lost her husband, and all the rest of ills human nature is heir to having fallen upon her. Mrs. Jones was much surprised to see her coming, and said to her:

"Well, Molly, have you rested your bones?"

"Golly, Missus, I's rested my jawbones, and dem's all the bones I have rested."

TAKING IT LITERALLY.—Among the scholars, when Lamb and Coleridge attended school, was a poor clergyman's son of the name of Simon Jennings. On account of his dismal and gloomy nature, his playmates had nicknamed him Pontius Pilate. One morning he went up to the master, Doctor Boyer, and said, in his usual whimpering manner:

"Please, Doctor, the boys call me Pontius Pilate."

If there was one thing which Doctor Boyer hated more than a false quantity in Greek and Latin, it was the practice of nicknaming. Rushing down among the scholars from his pedestal of state, with cane in hand, he cried, with his usual voice of thunder:

"Listen, boys. The next time I hear any of you say 'Pontius Pilate,' I'll cane you as long as this cane will last! You are to say 'Simon Jennings,' and not 'Pontius Pilate.' Remember that, if you value your hides!"

Next day, when the same class were reciting the catechism, a boy of a remarkably dull and literal turn of mind had to repeat the Creed. He had got as far as "suffered under," and was about popping out the next word, when the doctor's prohibition unluckily flashed upon his obtuse mind. After a moment's hesitation, he blurted out:

"Suffered under Simon Jennings, was——"

The rest of the sentence was never uttered, for Doctor Boyer had already sprung like a tiger upon him, and the cane was descending upon his unfortunate shoulders. When the irate doctor had discharged his cane-storm upon him, he said:

"What do you mean, you booby, by such blasphemy?"

"I only did as you told me," replied the simple-minded youth.

"Did as I told you!" roared the doctor, now wound up to something above the boiling-point. "What do you mean?"

As he said this, he instinctively grasped his cane more furiously.

"Yes, doctor; you said we were always to call Pontius Pilate Simon Jennings. Didn't he, Sam?" appealed the unfortunate culprit to Coleridge, who was next to him.

Sam said naught; but the doctor, who saw what a dunce he had to deal with, cried:

"Boy, you are a fool! Where are your brains?"

Poor Doctor Boyer for a second time was "floored," for the scholar said, with an earnestness which proved its truth, but to the intense horror of the learned potentate:

"In my stomach, sir."

The doctor always respected that boy's stupidity ever after, as though half afraid that a stray blow might be unpleasant.

FOOTSTEPS.

BY SHIRLEY CLAIR.

Methinks I hear a pleasant sound
As I sit in my easy chair,
Of little feet that go pattering round,
Through the rooms and over the chair,
Wandering hither, wandering there,
Busily all the day.

Pit-pat they bring close to my chair
A bright baby form of airy grace,
With soft silken rings of jetty hair,
And sweet blue eyes raised to my face—
As seeking there they sought to trace
A welcoming smile of love.

A dimpled hand whose fingers twine
Around my own to climb my knee,
And rose-bud lips that cling to mine,
Then laugh aloud in childlike glee
As though those pleading eyes could see
The answering love in mine.

Was it a dream, that picture fair,
That passed my tear-dimmed eyes before?
Nought but a vision born of air,
That wearing the robes that *angels* wore,
Passed from our household out of the door
Unto the shining land!

YOUNG LOVE.

BY LAURA SHARP.

"Come, Birdie, nurse is waiting. Run now, and let her attend to your curls. You must look very neat, or Mr. Everton will not love you. It is almost dinner-time, and he will soon be here," said Birdie's mother.

Immediately the child got up, raised her sweet lips to kiss mamma, and followed the nurse from the room.

"It is perfectly wonderful how much influence Mr. Everton has over that child! Just tell her to do anything and say it will please him and that is enough. I never saw anything like it," the little lady said, turning to a friend sitting beside her, who answered:

"I have, and I would not encourage, or rather I would endeavor to overcome that influence."

"Now, my dear Ada, what is troubling that wise head of yours? What means that grave look and anxious light in your eye?"

"Nellie Hayden, I'm perfectly astonished at people whose duty it is to watch over and guard their little ones, particularly their girls, from sorrows, planting in their young hearts seeds that may grow to be thorns, and treating children as though they were void of any deeper thought and feeling than the appreciation of a doll or box of toys.

"I am sure some children of five years have hearts that love as devotedly and suffer as keenly as many of mature years. You are shaking your head. I want to tell you a little story to prove my assertion. We have half an hour before dinner. Will you listen?"

"Yes, certainly; but it must have a happy ending," answered Mrs. Hayden.

"I cannot promise; perhaps the end has not yet come. You know Dora Peyton?"

"I do, certainly. A lovelier girl I never knew. Why she has never married has been a source of wonderment to me."

"Aye, and to many who know her not so well as I. It is of her I am going to tell you.

"Twenty-five years ago, when just at the age of your Birdie, and just as loving, too, a young man crossed her path. We will call him Abner Lynton.

"He was a classmate and the dearest friend of Dora's brother.

"At a party given during the Christmas holidays by Mrs. Peyton, Abner, to pique one of the girls, attached himself for the evening to little Dora, dancing with her, promenading through the rooms with her tiny hands clasped in his, much to the annoyance of many bright-eyed lassies, who really were envious of the baby-girl.

"Abner was very handsome and very fascinating, a universal favorite with the ladies, young and old.

"Several mammas endeavored to draw him away from his 'little love,' as he called her, and manœuvred to get her from him.

"But all in vain, until wearily the sunny head drooped, and with her arms around his neck, her sweet lips giving the good night kiss, she sank to sleep.

"Gently then he resigned her to her nurse's care.

"Every day from that time he came to the house. His home was quite near.

"At the sound of his voice Dora sprang forward with outstretched arms to meet him. I have seen her sit with her hand in his, looking up into his face for an hour, seeming perfectly happy.

"Of course, this was noticed by the family and commented upon.

"The child's older sisters and brothers could win her even to do their will by saying:

"'I'll tell Mr. Lynton if you don't, and he won't love you then.'

"Daily she gathered a little bouquet for him, and when the autumn days came and the flowers were few, the little love would watch closely the slowly-opening buds lest some one else should get them.

"So the days passed by for two years, and then, for a time she was separated from the one she had grown to love so dearly.

"'Better than a brother?' they would sometimes ask her.

"'Yes,' would come the whispered answer, quickly.

"'Better than sister?'

"'Yes,' without hesitation, again the whisper came.

"'Than father and mother?'

"And then the deep blue eyes would grow so earnest, and the pretty lips would part and close again, as if unwilling to utter the words she feared might wound.

"When pressed to answer, her eyes sought mamma, then papa, as if imploring their forgiveness, and 'I can't help it; just a little bit more,' she murmured, and buried her head in Abner's bosom.

"She clung around his neck and begged to go with him when the hour of parting came. With promises of a speedy return he managed to soothe her.

"Perhaps the child might have, in time, been weaned from this strange attachment, if they had ceased to talk to her of him.

"But, possessing, as it were, a magic wand to guide her actions, they used it freely.

"How well I remember, as she stood eagerly watching the postman as he came from door to door.

"As nearer he drew, she became so excited and anxious that my heart trembled lest she should be disappointed.

"But the letter came, and with a wild cry of joy, she pressed it to her bosom, and ran with it for mamma to read.

"His absence was short. He returned bringing her for a Christmas present a pretty little chain to which was attached a locket with his portrait.

"For Abner she learned to read, to write; for him, she would grow brave, and with his hand holding her, she had her first teeth drawn. When ill with fever, tossing restlessly from side to side, his hand could always quiet, his voice soothe.

"Without murmur she would take from him the nauseous doses.

"'How will all this end?' I asked her mother once; and lightly she replied:

"'Oh, all right, of course. She will learn to love some one nearer her own age when the proper time comes, and he will be married long before then. He has a distant cousin, who I am inclined to think, he is engaged to. I am sure their parents are anxious for their union.'

"As Dora grew older a little shyness crept gradually into her manner.

"Still the love was there.

"Once, in a moment of confidence, she came to me and asked—

"'Do you believe Mr. Abner loves Katie May better than he loves me? Frank says he does. That he staid by her all the time at the party last night. I wish I was old enough to go to parties; and I wish—indeed I do——'

"'What, Dora?' I asked, as she hesitated.

"'I wish Katie May didn't live in this world—indeed I do,' nodding her head decidedly, while striving to force back the tears.

"'Oh! oh! Dora. This is dreadful,' I said drawing her within my arms.

"'Well, then, I wish Mr. Abner and I lived somewhere else, where Katie May wouldn't come,' she sobbed.

"I assured her that Abner did not love Katie May, that Frank was only teasing her.

"When she was ten years old, Abner was called suddenly away by the severe illness of his nearest relative, an uncle.

"There was only time for a hasty good-bye.

"'Don't let anybody win your heart from me, my little love. Make haste to grow fast and be a tall girl against I come back,' he said, kissing her.

"His going was so sudden, she did not seem to realize it.

"I was glad it was so.

"But now I pitied the little thing, when, day after day, as she had done for years, she sat, and watched.

"'Maybe he might come,' she said once to me.

"Letters came often to Frank, with messages of love for her.

"Sometimes, a little note accompanying a gift, to her.

"Food enough to keep her loving little heart from suffering, he gave; and fuel enough to keep the love brightly burning.

"But he came not, nor promised of his coming.

"Time passed on; the pretty child grew to be a beautiful maiden.

"Youths gathered about her, and friends had ceased to talk of Abner.

"Other names were mentioned as his had been, yet none could win an answering smile or blush.

"I knew for whom her love she kept.

"The waiting, yearning look in her eyes gave way at last, and a joyous light broke forth.

"Abner was coming back.

"A letter to Frank brought the glad tidings.

"He wrote:

"'I've a secret to tell you, dear boy. But, no, I'll keep it for a surprise, in which you will rejoice, for my sake, I am sure. In a few days I shall be with you.'

"Again, as in her baby days, Dora began her watching.

"Oh, I know her heart was singing a joyous song, though the sweet lips gave forth no sound.

"She stood in the porch, waiting his coming. Clothed in fleecy white, roses in her hair, and roses on her cheeks.

"'Dora!'

"Frank came towards her.

"The boy's face had lost its usual look of merriment—his voice its careless tone.

"'Dora, Abner came by the train awhile ago,' he paused, darting an anxious, searching glance at his sister's face, 'and he was not alone. I'll not let him surprise you, little sis. I've hurried home to tell you his wife is with him.'

"The light went out of eye and heart.

"The roses faded quickly on the young face, and whiter than the dress she wore, she put forth her hand to grasp the balustrade.

"Frank sprang forward to catch her fainting form.

"Like a broken lily, he bore her in.

"When Abner came, she knew it not.

"For many days her gentle spirit hovered between the shores.

"Sometimes, since, I've almost regretted that it passed not away to the other and brighter one.

"But she was left with us for a wise purpose, I know.

"She has never seen Abner Lynton since his marriage.

"Three years after, she sent to his little girl, who bears her name, the chain and locket she used to wear.

"Where is he now?" Mrs. Hayden asked.

"I've not heard of him for years. I know not if he lives."

"Thanks for your story, Ada. But I wish its ending had not been so sad."

"Then its lesson would have been less powerful."

"True, I must profit by it without delay. I will send Birdie home with mother to-morrow. The change will do her good and break the spell."

* * * * * *

A few days after this, Ada Ashton came to see Birdie's mother, and said, with a bright smile—

"I've come to change the ending of my story of the other day. In fact the end had not then come. Here are Dora's wedding cards. Her Abner has been a widower over two years. Hear what she writes to me:

"'Forgive me for keeping my happiness from you, my dear friend. But I have not been able to realize sufficiently that this great joy was for me to speak of it to others. Now that it is so near, and he is with me, surely it must be. You, who have known so much, must know all now. He loved and was pledged to her before he knew me. You will be glad to know this. I was. Had I known it, it would have soothed greatly the agony of those bygone days.'

"We were at Dora's wedding yesterday. A happier, lovelier bride I never saw."

TRANQUILITY is the wish of all: the good, while pursuing the track of virtue; the great, while following the star of glory; and the little, while creeping in the eyes of dissipation, sigh for tranquility, and make it the great object which they ultimately hope to attain.

THE SUNKEN CITY.

THE LEGEND OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

Among the commercial sea-towns of Holland, six centuries ago, Stavoren held the first place. The ships of its merchants covered the seas, and imported the productions of all zones. Such an extensive commerce raised the wealth of this town to a hitherto unknown extent. It is true that there were here, as elsewhere, many poor; but the wealthy vastly outnumbered them. High life, luxury and magnificence, the usual companions of great riches, prevailed; for in foolish pride and ruinous zeal, each citizen tried to outvie the other in pomp, splendor and extravagant banquets. Tradition relates that there were many houses which equaled palaces in their grandeur. They were constructed of marble, the interiors ornamented with the most artistic decorations, covered with the richest tapestries, provided with the richest furniture, the doors bound with the most precious metals, instead of iron or brass.

But of all the Stavoren merchants none could compare in riches with the virgin Richberta. The success with which each of her speculations was rewarded, and not seldom with unexpected profits, seemed to show to her to what degree fortune could lavish her gifts on a mortal, and how long allow her favors to be enjoyed.

The commercial fleet of the virgin merchant visited the remotest seas, and not only returned each time with the richest profits, but loaded with the most expensive wares, with ornaments of diamonds, pearls and precious stones, which were employed in the palace of their mistress and shone on its walls.

Such unexampled good fortune Richberta could not support with indifference; and if the maxim that "great misfortunes are easier to be borne than immoderate happiness," be true, Richberta was destined to be a glaring proof of the truth of this assertion.

Her pride and vain glory kept step with the increase of her riches; and she showed this both by contempt for her fellow-creatures and by preparing the most luxuriant and extravagant feasts, less with the intention of amusing and gladdening the town, than to give her guests the opportunity to admire the ever-changing splendor of her apartments, and be astonished at the foreign and costly food and wine, and thus excite their envy. At one of these senseless repasts, offering nothing to the mind and leaving the heart void, a strange guest was announced. He came, he said, from foreign countries; had seen many royal kingdoms and the splendor of their courts, and had come to admire Richberta's riches, which fame reported to be miraculous.

The flattered mistress begged the stranger to take a seat at her side. He appeared to be still a robust old man, in the picturesque costume of the Orient. His conduct was both dignified and noble as he stepped to Richberta, expecting the welcome from her hand, which, according to the usage of his country, is given symbolically by the offering of bread and salt. But there was no bread on the luxurious table, which groaned under its burden of rare, epicurean dishes, and from which the simple and wholesome nourishment of poverty was banished.

Silently the stranger seated himself, and while taking refreshment, related, in a manner which bound all eyes and ears upon him, of his travels by land and water, of foreign nations and their customs. Every guest was entranced with his words; but not so the virgin Richberta. Her vanity could expect nothing else than that the stranger should be loud in his praises of her riches, the brilliancy of her feast, and would make comparisons giving fresh nourishment to her pride. To these subjects, however, he made no allusion; till finally, driven to desperation, she demanded it of him herself, when he confessed that only with kings had he found such splendor and extravagance, and what made it more singular to him was, that he should miss here the best and noblest thing that the whole world produced.

In vain did she attempt to obtain a fuller explanation of the strange guest; and being questioned too pressingly, he disappeared, and was not seen again.

Richberta's pride and curiosity, equally excited, allowed her no quietude. She possessed in valuables all that could be mentioned; however, "the best and noblest thing" was wanting! She consulted scholars and philosophers, sent for magicians and astrologers, but none knew how to name that thing which for years she had not possessed.

In her restless desire, she had ships equipped to cruise through all oceans and seas, to visit every land, with orders not to return till the required article had been found. The commander of her fleet put to sea, undecided whither to direct his ships. One part he sent to the East, another to the West, while he himself, with his remaining vessels, relied on the favor of the winds. It happened that by a leak, a part of the provisions became spoiled, and although there was no want of meat, wine and other luxuries, the flour and bread had become unfit for food; and the want of it was soon felt most severely.

In this strait, the commander saw quickly what he must consider the best thing the earth produced—not the spices and perfumes of India, nor the pearls from the depths of the sea, nor diamonds of most priceless value; *but that universal thriving gift of nature*, the indispensable and inestimable nourishing bread. He recognised now the sense of the obscure words spoken by the stranger, and his resolution was quickly made. He steered to a Baltic harbor, where he took in a full cargo of the finest wheat, with which he sailed to Stavoren. As soon as he arrived, he appeared before Richberta, who had not expected him so quickly, and announced to her that he now knew what was the best of all the earth's productions; had found it, and in abundance; had brought it with him. He then related to his astonished mistress how he had obtained this knowledge, and that the mysterious guest could only have meant the failing bread. He, therefore, believed he had executed her order in a satisfactory manner.

But Richberta was not of the same opinion. She cast reproachful looks at the confounded commander, and painfully suppressing her rage, demanded to know on which side of the ship he had taken in the cargo. She was answered, "On the right side."

"Well, then," said the haughty Richberta, "I command you to cast the whole cargo into the sea from the left."

In vain were appeals and expostulations made against the carrying out of this order; uselessly did the faithful servant beg of her not to destroy the rich gift of heaven, but at least to alleviate the wants of the needy poor with it; uselessly did he send to her crowds of poverty-stricken wretches to soften her heart. All was in vain. Before her own eyes she had the rich wheat cargo, which could have given bread to so many, thrown into the sea, amid the howlings and cursings of the multitude. The bottom of the sea had received the cargo, but the grains became the seedlings of ruin. Germinating in the mud, continually covered with new earth, there shot up a forest of stalks, without ears, of unnatural growth, always springing higher and higher, which, like sea fungus or huge spiders, covered the surface of the water. As the soft movable mass of earth thereby found a support, an immense sand-bank was formed before the harbor of Stavoren, which no human power was able to break through. The numerous ships of the town, and also those of the rich Richberta, being unable to find an entrance into the port, were the sacrifices of the raging waves. Commerce and riches were destroyed, and continually recurring strokes of misfortune precipitated the proud virgin merchant from the pinnacle of splendor and happiness into want and misery.

But the sea, to whom an accustomed channel had been closed, raged with ever new anger against the bank; and during a tempestuous storm it broke through the dykes, flooded the town, and bore it hastily into the sea, as a long wished for booty.

Where Stavoren once stood, now roll the troubled waves of the Zuyder Zee. But when the clear water allows its bottom to be seen, the shippers view with horror, through its depths, the streets, proud towers, and high gables of the palaces of this now sunken, but once magnificent town.

WHAT IS AN OLD MAID?

Never be afraid of becoming an "old maid," fair reader. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife; and "single blessedness" is greatly superior, in point of happiness, to wedded life without wedded love. "Fall not in love, dear girls, beware," says the song. But we do not agree with the said song on this question. On the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love, if the loved object be a worthy one. To fall in love with an honorable man is as proper as it is for an honorable man to fall in love with a virtuous and amiable woman; and what could be a more gratifying spectacle, even to the angels in heaven, than a sight so pure—so approaching in its devotion to the celestial?

No; fall in love as soon as you please, ladies, provided it be with a suitable person. Fall in love, and then marry; but never marry unless you do love. That's the great point. Never marry merely for "a home," or "a husband." Never degrade yourself by becoming a party to such an alliance. Never sell yourself, body and soul, on terms so contemptible. Love dignifies all things; it ennobles all conditions. With love, the marriage-rite is truly a sacrament. Without it, the ceremony is a base fraud, and the act a human desecration. Marry for love, or not at all. Be an "old maid," if fortune throw not in your way the man of your heart; and though the witless may sneer, and the jester may laugh, you will still have your reward in an approving conscience and a comparatively peaceful life.

CHOICE OF WORDS.—When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew the fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks. Act as you might be disposed to do on your estate; employ such words as have the largest families, keeping clear of foundlings and of those of which nobody can tell whence they came, unless he happens to be a scholar.

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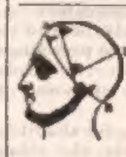

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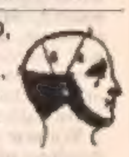

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The Fashion Boudoir — Notes & Queries

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

"They say" that the rage for simplicity is on the increase, at least in Paris. We must own that the symptoms are not very decided here. There is, however, less of the fantastic or bizarre to be seen in toilets than has been the case for some time. With the last echoes of the numerous "Boston Tea Parties," so popular in the early spring, are dying out the fancies for Martha Washington, and other "'76" costumes. In fact, our fair belles found that the effect of such were considerably lost, when worn over the scant petticoats of this period—for, say as they will, the reign of crinoline is over—for a time, at least. Nothing approaching to it is worn by la creme de la creme, but a short and modestly proportioned bustle. This last is absolutely necessary for persons of a tall and slender frame.

A comfortable report reaches us from over the water of the revival of black alpaca suits for walking costume. Of course, for this season, it must be of the lightest and silkiest brand. We noticed one, which had been sent in a late order from Paris, made in the following style: The skirt was short enough to reveal the boots in front, though not as short as the walking dresses of two or three years back. Behind it was slightly trailing. The trimming of the skirt was peculiar, all being confined to the front breadths. The three front widths were covered as far as the knee, by alternate rows of folds and knife-edged pleatings, arranged in curves. The overskirt was simply a large apron, trimmed as the skirt, and looped in folds under the arm, ending at the back in a large double bow of the material. The waist was a short, loose, double-breasted sacque, fitting slightly into the figure at the neck, trimmed with folds, and oxydized buttons, and a small hood, of the baschlik shape, so popular a few years ago. Bows of black faille ribbon were placed down this hood.

White muslin still retains its deserved popularity for dresses for evening wear, and also for trimming the flounces and overskirts of light summer silks. When used for this latter purpose, a fichu of the muslin, or sleeveless jacket, is made and worn to complete the toilet. Sometimes aprons are made of the Swiss or French muslins, very elaborately trimmed with lace and embroidery, and, with the fichu or sleeveless jacket, form a very pretty overdress.

A very stylish and new way of trimming underskirts is described in this manner: A flounce, six inches in depth in front, is placed on, in pleats, three in a cluster, and a space equal in width to the cluster intervenes. The flounce widens on each side of the front breadth to a depth of twelve inches, then it decreases as it approaches the back breadths until it reaches the same depth as that of the front. Above this flounce are three small gathered ones, then three ruches. An apron overskirt and basque waist complete the suit.

There is a marked difference in the dress of young girls of fourteen, and thereabouts, in France, and of those of a like age in this country. Here, you will find the daughter, just entering her teens, a model—less in size, but not in multiplicity of ornamentation—of her mamma. If mamma's dress is a series of folds, flounces, embroidery, and what not, so must be the daughter's. Not so abroad. The severest simplicity mark the costumes of the "rosebuds" there, in the first stages of unfolding. Plain skirts, or, if trimmed at all, only with folds and bends, or perhaps one modest flounce.

We must confess to an admiration of French taste in this particular, even while we cannot cordially endorse it in other matters. Dress, certainly, has marked effect in influencing manner, especially in very young people; and the charming simplicity and plainness of the gait of the French maiden doubtless assists in producing that artless naivete, and freedom from affectation, which is said to be so pre-eminently the charm of her manner. We must, however, take into consideration the fact, also, that French girls in their teens are never in society, at least, before seventeen or eighteen, and then jealously hedged in and guarded by innumerable prejudices—"*les convenances*;" while two-thirds of our American society is composed of these half-opened buds.

We saw some lovely suits for the little maidens of from five or six, the other day. Some were from Berlin, and others from Paris. All were made to wear with dainty little under-waists, high-necked, of soft finish Nainsook. One of these latter was made with alternate clusters of tucks, three in number, the eighth of an inch in width, and bands of Valenciennes inserting. A standing ruche of the Valenciennes lace edged the neck, and a pleating of the same finished the sleeves. The dresses were all made with the peasant-body, very short and low in the neck, with embroidered or braided straps—as might be the skirt trimming—going over the shoulders in place of sleeves. The skirt—the lower one—was trimmed with pieces of wide broderie Anglaise, set in the breadths and braided around; or, to be more explicit, a braided line surrounds these pieces. The dainty little overskirts were, for the most part, cut of a piece with the little peasant waist, and were finished with laps of embroidery back and front, and the cunningest little au moniere pocket, of the material, braided and embroidered. The material of the dress just described was fine corded pique. A wide sash of blue gros grain, and a Leghorn flat, with broad brim, and a wreath of wild roses encircling the low crown, accompanied this little costume. Imagine the sweet little blossom who wore it, with her round, rosy face, peeping out from under the flat, and her golden hair floating over her plump, white shoulders—she could only be named "Mamie."

To return to items for grown people, we noticed among the novelties belts of tortoise shell, in plaits overlapping each other, the whole finished with an elaborate buckle of the same, handsomely carved. A chatelaine of the shell accompanies the belt.

For morning wear and traveling, the collars and cuffs of colored linen—Oxford linen, it is termed—are just the thing. Open-fastened, too, with buttons to match the color of the linen. Buttons of pink coral are used with the pink linen—turquoise with the blue, etc.

Next time we expect to have certain very interesting items to chronicle—something quite new in the fashionable world.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS M. H.—The blue or steel embroidery referred to in the fashion gossip is being much worn. You were quite safe in purchasing the polonaise; you can wear it late in the season.

MRS. A. M.—The "Fall opening," as it is termed, does not take place before September or October, even, when all the world has come back from the watering-places and summer trips generally.

INVALID.—Yes; the warm salt baths at Atlantic City are all they are represented to be, and are considered highly beneficial. You could spend the month of August there, as your physician has advised, and find it very agreeable, we are sure. Hope your recovery may be rapid and complete, it is so sad to be ailing.

WIDOW.—Thanks for your kind letter. No, it is not considered "the thing," for a lady to wear either white or a bridal veil at the ceremony of her second marriage. A pearl-colored or tea-rose shade of silk would be more appropriate, unless you choose to marry in traveling costume. Will be most happy to receive your order for shipping.

LOTTIE R. is in great tribulation because her eyebrows meet. Poor child! may you never have anything more distressing to mar your happiness. Certainly you can pluck out, with much unnecessary suffering, too, we think, that objectionable little arch of hair that crosses your pretty little nose, but we can tell you of no remedy that will prevent its growing back again and again. Better let it alone, and console yourself with the idea that in former days it was considered very lucky.

MOTHER wishes to know how to make little Annie's hair curl without the use of irons, as she is afraid the latter will burn the hair and injure it. We think you are very wise to avoid the use of irons. We do not know of any method besides putting up the hair in papers, which, however, is such an affliction to an active, restless little creature, it does seem a pity to torture the child. Why not let her wear it crepe and flowing? That could easily be managed, by plaiting tightly at night, in small braids, first dampening the hair.

And now, *au revoir* for the present,

NINON.

LIFE ON THE LONE CONTINENT.

AMONG THE VAMPYRES.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

A convict ship was hourly expected to arrive, and some disarrangements in regard to the disposal of the criminals having occurred, Lieutenant L. B. Baxter and myself were ordered to carry dispatches from our post to Station B, farther back from the coast.

We started off in excellent spirits, and had all our route laid thus in company, we should have enjoyed ourselves much.

The acacias were flourishing their magnificent foliage; the gum-trees waved their narrow, rubber-like leaves in the playful breeze, and uncertain scents of sandal-wood saluted our delighted nostrils. But we could not forget that after a time these beautiful pictures, done in nature's best water-colors, would give place to sterile plains and the low, dangerous "bush" districts.

When we should reach a certain point, marked by the debris of an old stockade, I was to go southerly through a piece of still more dangerous country, while Baxter, swinging northwesterly, would find a more open, but equally hazardous, route.

By the middle of the afternoon, however, we expected to make a connection at Station B, and from thence return to our post in company. The horses which we rode were bred from the untrammeled steeds of the Lone Continent, and were possessed of clean, small limbs and an amount of viciousness and wind that would astonish nine-tenths of mankind. So, having an early start, we expected to do the eighty-odd miles, out and back, and hardly be late at roll-call at bed-time.

At the prescribed place we turned our animals in opposite directions, without a hope of enjoying ourselves further on the journey.

I arrived in due season at the station, found Colonel P. K. Howe off on official business, and awaited his return with impatience, as my directions were to place the papers in his hands only, instead of trusting to a subaltern.

Colonel Howe arrived in good season, but the middle and the late afternoon passed and the Lieutenant had not put in his appearance, and my duties being imperative to return at the earliest possible moment, with many unpleasant sensations I started off.

I was about leaving a tract of "bush" when the sun dipped below the horizon. I had traversed about one-third of the route, and was about to enter a belt of woodland, heavily leaved and densely shadowed. A shout of demoniac glee suddenly brought me to a standstill, with every nerve tingling like a red-hot wire in the flesh, although at the moment I knew it to be the laughing jackass that infests the country with festive glee; but, somehow, its unearthly croak never before gave me so disagreeable a feeling.

I spurred through to the other edge of the belt, and bethought me to fasten my steed with the lariat which always hung at my saddle-bow, and then to ascend one of the tall trees near and survey the country round about, before the rapidly-falling twilight should eclipse my vision.

Perched in my lofty lookout, gazing steadfast and searchingly, I beheld no less than three distinct parties of wild horsemen, but whether they were all the black devils of natives, or part of them the piratical outlaws, I could not discover, owing alike to distance and dusk, but the separate bodies of riders seemed coming in from three traveled routes toward my direct locality.

What should I do? What could I do? In my belt were important documents treating of potent and secret plans for removing bodies of troublesome criminals to New South Wales, and these facts, falling into the hands of outlaws, might bring forth incalculable evil results.

In either course—if I went forward or turned back, or remained where I was—discovery seemed inevitable. Prompt action, however, was necessary, as all parties were swinging forward at a rocking gallop.

I spurred rapidly along in the edge of the woodland, leaping logs and pitfalls, heading my course towards a fork or small tributary of the Murray River, the rocky and cavernous sides of which, I argued, might afford me a secure hiding-place. Thinking, as I arrived near the ravine, that I would now be safer on foot, as I clearly imagined that I could hear the rumble of the oncoming robbers, I cast my horse loose, and scrambled down the rugged wall of the gorge.

My keen, anxious glances soon discovered a black opening to one of those rocky fissures or caverns that abound in these localities, and, without a moment's thought or hesitation, I began crawling in, for, since I had not the sound of my own horse's feet to bother my hearing, the echo of a squad of fierce riders was plainly audible.

The cavern proved to be of untold dimensions inside, for no sooner was I through the slit-like opening, than I found room enough and to spare—but Plutonian darkness reigned within. I was none too soon in hiding, for, in less than ten minutes' time, I could feel the jar occasioned by the rushing steeds. They passed off to the northward, but I dared not emerge, as other parties might be near, and I might as well content myself for the night in my cool bedroom. I cautiously drew back a few feet—maybe some yards—from the mouth of the cave, and taking my knapsack for a cushion to keep me off the damp, sticky bottom, I prepared to make myself comfortable.

But a few moments passed ere a strange sensation stole over me. Something was moving between me and the mouth of the cave.

Had I unwittingly entered the dominion of some of those long-haired, ferocious, cannibal natives? The blood chilled in my veins at the thought. The idea of entering the lair of a wild beast was preferable. A long, profound silence followed this rasping, odd movement at the opening. I could not, by the most intense listening, detect any other sound than the beating of my own excited heart. Once afterwards I felt the puff, puff against my face, such as is often noticed when anybody passes you swiftly, or when one breathes against your cheek. Then, directly, strange, creeping, dragging noises in the rear of the cave, and, to my increasing horror, I could make out a champing and gritting, as of teeth gnashing together. At such moments every sense which a fellow possesses combines to play him tricks, and in a few seconds it seemed to me that teeth were champing and snapping around, above and beneath me, combined with a strange gibbering.

I believe that it is considered very unmanly to own to any weakness, but I will make the venture, and assert that a dizzy faintness began to steal over me, as I fancied the odious sounds to be near my place of repose. There was nothing for it but to make a dash outdoors. A dozen bushmen outside were preferable to this demon horde of the darkness.

Carefully gathering myself for a spring, I cleared the space between me and the opening, and I am confident that a leech could hardly get through the neck of a bottle with more rapidity than I squeezed out of the aperture. I instantly faced about, revolver in hand, covering the cavernous outlet. No sound of pursuit disturbed me. I scrambled up the bank and gave out a chirruping whistle which brought up my steed. Just then a wild, clear shout from the north pierced my brain.

I vaulted into the saddle, on the instant recognizing Lieutenant Baxter's voice. Touching my beast with the spur we cleared the cover of the woods, and tore along a path in the "bush" with maddened speed.

Another clear, invincible halloo directed my course still northerly.

"If it be but outlaws!" I mentally aspirated, as I rose in my stirrups to answer the appeal, feeling it infinitely better to face firearms than the infernal boomerang of the natives; and again I called back "halloo." The reply was a volley of pistol shots, among which I fancied that I could detect the voice of Baxter's Derringers.

While I had been hidden in the bowels of the earth, the moon had raised her shield in the east, and a blotched and checkered light lay over the ground.

Providentially only a small party of six ruffians held Baxter at bay; as fortunately he had not been wounded when I reinforced him. Driven to desperation by the peril of our position, we fought with the fury of madmen. The leader fell dead from his saddle; two or three others, desperately wounded, motioned retreats.

Then Baxter and myself swung northeasterly, curving our course like a bow, until we struck upon the wagon trail leading down to our post. Our beasts, during the short, wild waltz of the brief battle, had forgotten any weariness which they might have felt, and stretching out their slim, gutta-percha bodies, their pace became assuring, if reckless. We were within hearing of sunrise "taps" at our post in proper time.

At day dawn Baxter found that his right boot was pressed down, running over full of blood from a wound in the thigh, and the muscle of my left arm, above the elbow, had been tattooed, or tattered, with two pistol balls.

"What about those noises in the cave?" I asked him that morning; "were they spirit visitations? Without them I should not have been driven outside, and so could not have heard your shout for help."

"You had only twenty-five minutes the start of me, and your wider and longer southern sweep, I argued, must have kept you within possible hearing distance."

"But the wierd sounds?" I persisted.

"Vampyres, vampyres," he returned, concisely; "came near once doing my tresses up in gray from that very source, but wait until this artery in my thigh stops its trip-hammer performance, and I will tell you about it."

HAVE the courage to give, occasionally, that which you can ill afford to spare; giving what you do not want nor value, neither brings nor deserves thanks in return; who is grateful for a drink of water from another's overflowing well, however delicious the draught? Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones.

MANY who tell us how much they despise riches and preferment, mean undoubtedly the riches and preferment of other men.

THE wound of conscience is no scar; time cools it not with his wing, but merely keeps it open with his scythe.

ONLY.

BY P. B.

Only a gentle pressure, love,
Of your arm within my own;
Only a loving look or two
As we strolled in the fields alone;
Only a yearning kiss, love,
That rose from the heart of each;
Only an eloquent silence;
Our hearts too full for speech.

Only a few short words, love,
When I knew my heart was thine;
Only a modest "yes," love,
And I knew that thou wast mine;
Only a year or two, love,
Till the time when we may wed;
Only a life of bliss, love,
Until we both are dead.

A MYSTERY.

AN UNROMANTIC EXPLANATION.

BY BURR THORNBURY.

It was in the days of the Planchette excitement. We had been reading planchette and talking planchette, till we had quite a belief that supernatural was revived. To be sure the little machine was a very contradictory, absurd and unreliable medium for spiritual communications, but under the manipulations of one of our number some very strange and startling answers were returned. Planchette had nothing to do with what afterwards occurred, except to prepare our foolish heads to believe that genuine ghostly manifestations had been made.

We lived in a great old farm-mansion—a vast and venerable house for the country—having a history, and dating the period of its erection away back to ante-revolutionary days.

Before we moved there we were told it was haunted—a ghost making an occasional appearance at one of the western windows, where it had been seen by several—well, credulous persons—but after ten years' residence in the place, we were forced to conclude, nothing of the supernatural having been witnessed, that there was no use in expecting it. This was rather a disappointment to me for I like a haunted house, and I feared ours would have to lose its reputation in that line.

It was the month of September, 186—. We had been, as I have said, amusing and confusing ourselves with what was at the time, and I confess to me is still, a mystery.

At the usual hour we all retired, and silence filled the house. The night was still and soft, as September nights often are, the great white harvest moon flooding the silent earth with its lovely light. The air was just in that condition most favorable for conveying sounds.

Suddenly, near midnight, several of us were awakened by a loud jarring noise, as if one of the outer doors had been violently struck and had vibrated under the blow. It was but once given, and then all was silent again. Hardly knowing whether it was a dream or reality, I raised my head from the pillow, listened, and then concluding it was nothing, fell back and slept soundly till morning. Others of the family, hearing the noise, acted as I had done; no one arising to ascertain the cause of the strange sound, because they were not sure that it was not an imagined demonstration.

At the breakfast-table next morning were mutual inquiries as to whether any unusual noise had been heard during the night. To the confirmation of each other's statements it was answered, that a strange noise had been made, though not till now were they sure it had not been to each a dream.

The next night, near the same hour, a similar alarm was heard.

"Who's there?" was demanded, thinking some one had knocked. No answer was given, and two or three of us arose and hastened down stairs. Nothing wrong there; nobody to be seen. The dog, which would certainly have barked or growled had any person been about, arose, stretched himself as if he had just awakened from canine dreams, and looked as if he thought it early for us to rise. We went around the house, but, finding nothing, soon retired to slumber.

In the morning various surmises were indulged in as to the nature of the disturbance. It was acknowledged by all to be very mysterious.

"My old ghost is coming back," thought I, rather pleased than otherwise. "We've been tearing out its favorite window, and it's a little wrathy about it."

"I wonder if we will hear the same sound again?" was the parting expression of each, as we retired the third evening.

Sure enough, about midnight, the jarring noise again woke us from our sleep.

"Well, that's provoking," as we again hurried down the stairs. There was no more to be obtained in explanation of the mystery than on the previous night. The dog was there as before, having just arisen from the doorway which he seemed to prefer for his resting place. The spot where he had lain was warm. We went back to bed, after a thorough examination of the premises, more perplexed than ever.

"If we are to be disturbed every night in this manner," I thought, "perhaps it won't be so pleasant to have a ghost about after all."

Before the evening of the next day, some of us having set our wits to work in the matter, a satisfactory solution of the mystery was arrived at. I would rather not be required to give the explanation—it is such bathos (I hope the types won't make the word *pathos*, for it isn't pathetic—this explanation); but as you will all expect it after reading this far, and especially from the title of my sketch, I suppose I must not disappoint you.

"Well," said my brother, about noon of the third day, after the most distracting thought on the subject, "I think I can explain the cause of this repeated alarm."

"Tell us," we all exclaimed, in the most distressing anxiety. Dick was a sharp thinker, and we felt he must have found out the real cause.

"Sister," he said, with becoming gravity, "I will be concise. *That dog has fleas, and in trying to obtain some relief from them, he has struck against the door, producing that jarring sound.*"

"Oh! you horrid fellow!" we cried, indignantly, "to make such a shameful explanation as that."

Yet it was undoubtedly the truth; though why that dog, never having done so before, should make that alarming noise just when our minds were most prepared for faith in the supernatural, is inexplicable to me. It is the worst case of total depravity I ever knew of. It took us some time to come down from our lofty conjectures concerning the case, to the miserable facts, but we were forced to at last.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

☞ All communications must be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

JACOBUS.—The Fourth of July will fall upon a Sunday for the remainder of this century: 1876, 1880, 1888 and 1892.

A. P. M.—It is against our rules to give the addresses of any of our contributors. If you write under the care of the editor, the letter will be duly delivered.

UNDAUNTED.—If you have the wherewithal to support a wife, a good trade and a certain income, by all means marry as soon as you can. Marriage makes young men steady. It is not too early to marry at twenty-two.

C. L. (Camden).—When we said that it was the rule of etiquette, in introducing a gentlemen and a lady that the gentleman should invariably be introduced to the lady, we, of course, meant that he should be named first. We hope you understand it now.

MAY.—In making presents the tastes of the receiver should always be considered, and also the terms on which he or she is related to the presenter. In your case, some article such as a book, or a cigar case will be sufficient to mark friendship.

A. P. W.—We will take your very kind suggestions into consideration, but you must bear in mind that "many men have many minds," and that what suits one does not suit another. We endeavor to make all the departments of our paper as interesting to all our readers as we possibly can.

"ALABAMA."—"We have been trying to remember the names of the cruisers by which losses were sustained, and for which claims were filed by our government against Great Britain. Perhaps you can tell us." They were the Alabama, Boston, Chickamauga, Florida, Georgia, Nashville, Retribution, Sallie, Shenandoah, Sumpter and Tallahassee.

GERMAN READER.—The simplest rule for reducing the foreign moneys you mention to dollars, is as follows: Francs to dollars, divide by five; German thalers to dollars, multiply by three and divide by four; Austrian florins or guilders into dollars, divide by two. By this method you will get the amount in round numbers, and accurate enough for all practical purposes.

T. W. H.—"Why are the terms 'Sock and Buskin' sometimes applied to dramatic performers?" The Buskin was a high-heeled boot used by the Roman and Greek actors, to give elevation to the stature. Buskin is used in contradistinction to the sock (soccus), the flat-soled shoe worn by comedians; hence both terms came to be used together to express the tragic and comic drama.

MATTIE.—You say you have two lovers, and you don't know which of them you love the best, and want us to help you out of your trouble! Our advice is to let them both go; if you cannot decide for yourself on such an important matter and cannot make up your mind which of them you "love" the most, take our word for it, you do not love either. To use the word "love" is a mockery and a farce.

B. A. B. C.—"Dog-days," among the ancients, were so called because they nearly corresponded with those in which the dog-star rose at the same time with the sun. To this circumstance, the ancient astrologers ascribed a malignant influence, and hence the intensity of the heat at this period in summer. Modern almanac-makers reckon the dog-days from July 24th to August 24th, and sometimes from July 3d to August 11th.

PUZZLER.—You ask "what is an Anagram, never having heard the word before, and seeing it in our Sphinx column." An Anagram is a word or a sentence. Here are a few Anagrams which we pick out from a long list of literary curiosities: Catalogues—Got as a clue. Astronomers—No more stars. Matrimony—Into my arms. Penitentiary—May I repent. Presbyterian—Best in prayer. Sweet-heart—There we sat. Telegraphs—Great helps.

LUCIA.—Sound common sense will carry you successfully through life and through society, even if your education and manners have been somewhat neglected. Always think twice before speaking once; care as much for the feelings of others as you do for your own; and do nothing and say nothing to anybody which you would not be willing to have done or said to you, and you will pass along through society without making any blunder sufficient "to feel bad over."

TOM.—We think, with your friends, that if you want to go to some college or academy, there is no necessity in the world for you to go all the way to Canada in order to find a suitable institution of that kind. We do not wish to draw any invidious comparisons between our academies and those in Canada, but we think you had better be advised by your friends on this point, as well as the selection of a good school, a matter on which, for obvious reasons, we could not undertake to advise you.

SARAH JANE.—Your case, as you have stated it to us, seems a very hard one; but still we cannot conscientiously take it upon ourselves to advise you to act in opposition to the known wishes of your parents. You should not have accepted the young man's proposal without consulting your father or mother, unless you had reached the years of discretion, which in most cases, where love is in question, never arrives. It is such a serious matter, however, to advise you what you should do in such a case, if you are of legal age, that all we can say is, that you should weigh the subject well before you decide upon going against the wishes of your parents in matrimonial affairs.

P. M. D.—We suspect from what little you tell us, that the quarrel was purposely brought about by you in order to drive your slow lover to the proposing point. Of course, we do not expect you to admit such a thing, but such, however, is our belief. Now that your lover seems so desirous of being reconciled, a "frank" admission on your part, that you were just the least bit out of temper at the time, will make matters all smooth again. And if, at that particular moment, you should by the merest accident put your lips invitingly near his own, we thing we may safely prophesy that a marriage will inevitably follow, and that ere very long. There is great magic in a kiss. Try it!

A LIFE-LONG FRIEND.—Praise from such long continued subscribers as yourself is very valuable and gratifying, and we heartily thank you for the compliments you pay us on "the greatly improved condition of the Post." You say you are delighted to see revived the former departments of the "Sphinx" and the "Household Receipts," which were once so popular among the old readers of the paper. We hope to make them equally popular among the new readers, and shall be pleased to receive for either of these departments any contributions which you, or any of our friends, may wish to send to us. Write to us just as often as you feel inclined; we never get tired of either reading or answering our many correspondents.

FORTIGNER.—"I arrived in this country at seventeen years of age. How long must I be a resident before I become a citizen, and have the right to vote?" You must be a resident of the United States for five years before you can become a citizen, or be entitled to vote. It is a very common, but erroneous, supposition, that persons reaching this country under eighteen years of age, become citizens when they are twenty-one, after having taken the oath of allegiance. This is not the case. Full five years residence is required. The only advantage which those who arrive under eighteen years of age have over those who come among us at a later period in life is, that after the expiration of the five year's residence, they are entitled to citizenship without having previously made a declaration of their intention to become citizens.

OPERATIVE.—We believe it was in the year 1867, that what is called the Children's Ten Hour Law was passed; and in accordance with the provisions of that law, the manufacturing corporations in Massachusetts have made it one of their rules, that no child can be employed in the mills who is under the age of fifteen. Neither the law nor the rule, however, is generally enforced, as a desire for gain leads parents to overstate the ages of their children for the purpose of obtaining for them positions in the mills; and in this regard overseers, superintendents and employers are frequently guilty of collusion, it being to their interest to wink at an irregularity which will be to their advantage, by enabling them to keep their mills running at full capacity.

D. L. H.—"Can you tell me why our Presidents are inaugurated on the 4th of March? I am almost ashamed to ask such a simple question, but can get no one to tell me." You need not be ashamed at not knowing the reason why; as we don't think there are many of our readers who are any wiser than you are on that point. The following is the reason why the 4th of March is the day appointed for the inauguration of our Presidents: Congress appointed the first Wednesday in January, 1789, for the people to choose electors, the first Wednesday in February for those electors to choose a President, and the first Wednesday in March for the government to go into operation. The last named day fell upon the 4th, and hence the 4th of March following the election of a President is Inauguration Day.

UNHAPPY.—Be advised by us, and avoid all such quarrels and bickerings as you speak of with your husband. We are afraid that there are faults on both sides, and that you are just as much to blame as he is, though, of course, you do not think so, and perhaps will feel mad at us for even hinting at such a thing. But if you will calmly, and without prejudice, look into your own heart, we are sure that you will find that we are right. Of all quarrels, matrimonial quarrels are the most dangerous, and the most to be deprecated. One may fall out with relations, and make up, and be friends again. The ties of blood are strong, and affection may return even after it has flown away; but love once banished is gone forever. We doubt, seriously, whether married people who have had a downright serious quarrel, ever truly forgive each other afterward, or ever love each other again with the same love and tenderness as before.

R. S. (Oak Grove).—We think you are needlessly worrying yourself about your boys, and it would be better for them and for you too, if you would give up the idea you seem to entertain, of trying to make premature men out of them. Remember, it is not natural for boys to be staid and reserved, and always well-mannered; and to force them to become so before their time would only be apt to cripple and distort some of their finest qualities. The roots of a young tree must, you know, have room to spread, and if you inexorably cram them into a hole big enough for only half of them, you cannot expect anything else but that some of them will be grievously hurt, and the tree itself prematurely damaged. As to what you say regarding their not paying all the attention to their education which you would like, you must remember that what a boy learns from books is but a small portion of his education. That which he gathers from his surroundings and from his home, pleasant or repulsive, from his associations, from nature, from everything he sees and hears, goes equally to form his mind and character.

A SUFFERER.—We can thoroughly sympathize with you in your infirmity, being ourselves, we are sorry to say, very bashful! The best cure for it is going into society, and trying to think as well of yourself as possible. If you will just think for a moment that you are just as good, and just as good looking, (better, perhaps, in a great many cases,) than other people, you will not need to be all the time blushing and feeling awkward in society. As to whether it would be best for you to propose to the young lady you speak of by letter, or in person, we would advise you by no means to do so in the former way. Nearly all women like to have the question popped to them in person. Whether it is because they have a kind of wicked enjoyment of the embarrassment and confusion of their lovers, or what it is we know not. But so it is—and the unlucky wight who tries his fortune by letter only doubles his chances of a *refusal*. So you had better pluck up courage, and make a plunge into the subject the very first time you have an opportunity. It does not matter in the least in what words you put it. She will understand what you mean almost before you have said a word at all. Women have an intuitive perception in such matters.

A. G. W. (Reading).—There is very great truth and force in the saying that "Every man is the architect of his own fortune." Neither advantages of birth, or wealth, or education, nor genius, nor opportunity make the man, (or woman either,) but their own efforts. It is their own right arm and their own indomitable enterprise and industry, that achieve for them success. Again, if a man would be successful, it is absolutely necessary that he understands the business in which he is engaged. The physician, lawyer and the clergyman spend years in acquiring a knowledge of their profession; the mechanic spends years in learning his trade; the merchant begins, perhaps, as junior clerk, and works his way up by degrees; and the successful farmer is generally he who has been brought up on a farm, and who thus knows, by experience, when, how and what to sow and when to reap. Of course, you must make up your mind to much toil and anxiety, and for many disappointments and crosses. You may have to experience many days of darkness to overshadow your way, the winds of adversity may overtake you, but if you are fully determined in yourself to surmount every obstacle in your way to success, you will be all right in the end.

SOCRATES asks "Why is Friday an unlucky day?" In the first place, is Friday an unlucky day? We think not, judging not only from our own experience, but from the history of the world, some of the most important events of which we know have happened on a Friday. For instance, let us take the early history of America, and we will see that Friday, instead of being an unlucky day, has been a most eventful one in its history. It was on a Friday that Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery. Friday, ten weeks after, he discovered America. Friday, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, arrived at Provincetown. Friday, the Pilgrims signed that memorable compact, which was the forerunner of our present Constitution. Friday, George Washington was born. Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. Friday, the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, occurred, and Friday, the motion was made in Congress that the United States were, and of right ought to be, free and independent. After this list, can *Socrates* still think Friday "an unlucky day?" The superstition relative to Friday, probably, took its rise from the fact that our Saviour was generally supposed to have been crucified on that day, and hence, the superstitions of the early Christians were disposed to look upon the day as accursed. But in our more enlightened days, we should be above all such idle prejudices and foolish superstition, and regard no particular day as being more "lucky" than another.

MISCELLANEOUS, C. H.—A *sea retrousse* is by no means ugly: indeed, some persons admire it much. DICK.—The phrase "A Rowland for an Oliver" means that an aggressor got as good as he gave. FLORENCE.—For your pimpular disease you should consult a medical man, and not go on doctoring yourself any longer. CONSTANT READER.—The marriage was perfectly legal, according to what you tell us. M. W.—Acid beverages are very injurious, when taken in excess. J. E. F.—The word "Coquette" is pronounced "Ko-ket," with the strong accent on the final syllable. R. W. H.—No one could possibly learn the art of painting in oil merely from instructions given in books. H. H.—We gave the receipt for a curling fluid very recently; but all the fluids in the world will not make your hair curl properly if there is no natural tendency to curl in the hair itself. N. J. C.—You will find the desired information in the column of Receipts, on the second page. J. K. S.—Do as the rest do on the occasion of the party, and you will not be out of the way. R. B.—Your former letter must have miscarried, as we have never received it. If you will repeat your questions, we will cheerfully answer them if we can. NONONY, (Corry).—We thank you for the poem which we shall publish shortly, as desired. J. M. G.—All letters and presents should mutually be returned on the breaking off of an engagement. E. N. E.—Your handwriting is too large and too much of a school-boy hand for a good commercial one. It is susceptible of improvement, by practice. F. E. EVANS.—The 10th of April, 1802, was a Sunday. B. J. A.—We are not acquainted with any company that would advance money on the terms you mention. T. F. A.—Take plenty of exercise out of doors, and practice gymnastics. T. M.—Have nothing to do with the advertisement in question. Such would be our candid advice to you. A. H. B.—If you are not quite certain about your wife being dead it would be dangerous for you to marry again. J. R. A.—Seven or eight hours sleep ought to be taken for the due preservation of health. Women, as a rule, require more sleep than men. CLARA.—Borax, dissolved in water, is an excellent wash for the hair. F. R. S.—We cannot suggest topics for you to begin conversing upon with a young lady. Just screw up your courage.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*